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FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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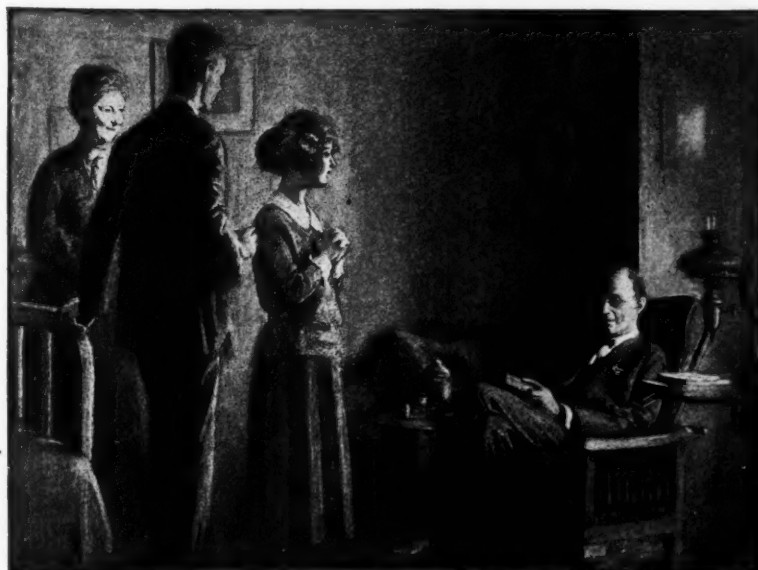
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"YOU see," said Peter, sitting at the supper table with an English magazine spread open beside his plate and the little wisp of hair sticking straight up from the thin place on the top of his head, "you see, what we really wanted was an Elizabethan mansion in Dorsetshire or an early Georgian residence in—well, say Hants and Sussex Borders or the Chiltern Hills. You choose the words you like the sound of best, you know; it doesn't matter what they mean."

Dora's eyes danced. She was spending the night with her friend Janet Royce in the big old colonial house where Janet had lived all her life with her mother and her two brothers. It was one of the last nights that any of them would spend there, for the Royce family were about to move.

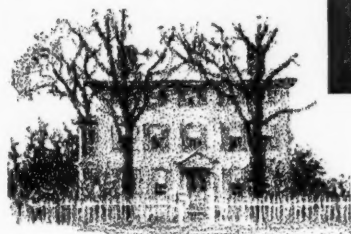


He settled back with a long sigh of content

shouldn't have to buy a thing. Either of the big bookcases in the library there, properly distributed, would furnish number four, Franklin, complete. Same way with the pictures. That Finding of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter over the mantelpiece would easily be picture enough for the whole house—put up in sections, you know—Moses hanging in the living room and Pharaoh's daughter—

"Janey won't let us take the big bookcases," said Peter. "I was for sneaking them in somehow, I'd as soon think of giving away my grandmother as those old bookcases,—but they wouldn't go anywhere except in her room, and she wouldn't stand for it." Says they're Victorian anyway and no good. What she thinks I'm going to do with all my

DRAWINGS BY EMLEN MCCONNELL



FOUR, FRANKLIN

By Margaret Johnson



Janet had told her friend all about the new house, a little house truly, but, according to Janet, correct and modern in every detail and in a perfectly correct and fashionable neighborhood. Over the dining room was a lovely big room with a bay window for Janet, and in front was a fine room for her mother. Peter would have a little room, and so would Rosa, the maid they had had for many years. Pen was going out West, so they didn't need to count him. Besides, there was a room in the attic that could be finished later. The house had built-in bookshelves and porcelain tubs; the porcelain tubs seemed particularly to delight Janet.

Now Peter was playing his droll variations on the theme; he was very droll, Janet's brother Peter. "The only trouble is we can't quite agree what we want most," he said, buttering his toast gravely and glancing at the advertisements on the page beside him of places "to be sold or let," illustrated with enchanting glimpses of rural English scenery. "Here's the Pen all for 'ample paddocks.' Much he knows what a paddock is, to be sure!"

"I do so!" exclaimed Pen. "It was Crumps that didn't." Crumps was the nickname the boys had given their sister.

"As for me," Peter went on, "I have always counted on a few 'hilly coverts,' whatever those may be, but almost anything on this page would do. Now here—'Choice manorial estate at Stoke Fleming.' Hark to that for a name, will you! And look at

that avenue of trees. My soul!" The sigh seemed to come from Peter's very boots. "Imposing stone mansion, entrance lodge, secluded gardens,—paddocks not mentioned, but undoubtedly there,—'galleried hall, mullioned windows, seven reception and twenty-three bed and dressing rooms and—'"

"One bath!" concluded Janet so unexpectedly that everyone laughed. She shook her pretty bobbed head at her brother, who looked back at her innocently with his blue eyes twinkling. "That's about as practical as Peter is! I do believe he thinks any one of those old English places would be a perfect earthly paradise—that's the name of the book he's always reading—just because it's old and crumbly! You ought to live in one of them once, Peter!"

"I have lived in most of them—at one time or another," declared Peter mildly, closing his magazine with a pensive air and going back to his toast. "I have a villa in Tuscany too," he added, "to say nothing of a little bungalow on the banks of the Nile, but Crumps doesn't approve of those either."

Janet was years younger than either of her brothers. Peter in particular seemed almost to belong to another generation. At an early age he had longed to be an architect. He and Pen had planned to do wonderful things,—to study and travel and win fame and fortune together in the most dazzling of

all possible worlds,—but their father, dying while Janet was still a baby, had left them the care of her and of their delicate mother. So they had had to put dreams aside and go at once and with all their energy into the business of supporting the family. They had done it "with aplomb," as Peter would have said. In the whole course of Janet's sixteen years she had never had to go without anything she wanted. Moving into

the new house was the climax of her ambition. To get away from the big, shabby old barracks of a house in a run-down part of the town and to live near her school, where all the other girls lived,—except Dora, who was learning something, stenography probably, at a commercial college near by,—what a satisfaction it would be! Of course it would cost more, but Peter had been perfectly dear about it, and they had planned and calculated and had triumphantly proved that by taking a very small house and squeezing a little here and there they could afford the change.

"Barring which," said Pen, referring to Peter's Tuscan villa and his Egyptian bungalow, "we have taken number four, Franklin Terrace!"

They laughed again while Mrs. Royce smiled her placid smile at them from behind her old-fashioned silver tea urn.

"Great scheme, this moving into smaller quarters," Pen went on. "With economy we

pictures—I without a shelf to my name and no place to put any—"

He looked through the wide doors into the library, a lofty, spacious room with a sort of dim and brooding dignity about its dark walls and dark, old-fashioned furniture. Already partly dismantled, it was filled with packing boxes on which were piled stacks of old magazines and papers neatly tied into bundles. Dora knew what they were; Peter never could bear to throw away anything that had a picture in it, and he especially treasured all pictures of houses and parks and gardens, whether of the Old World or the New. Those magazines and papers had infested the garret and the spare rooms of the old house in ever-increasing numbers to the despair of the family, who saw in the change of residence a welcome relief from them.

"You're going to give those away now, you know, Peter, darling," Janet reminded him.

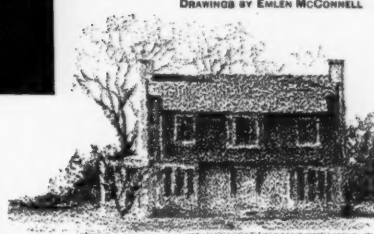
"I know," said Peter.

"To a friend of ours," Pen explained cheerfully, "a retired house builder who has an aesthetic taste and a large garret, where Peter will spend most of his leisure hours after this, won't you, Peter?"

"Um-m, yes," said Peter. "Unless I go and live with Mike." Mike was the man who put out the ashes. "I guess he's going to have pretty much everything that I hold dear—the old Morris chair and the student lamp—"

There was a shout of derision.

"Oh, well," said Peter, stirring his tea with a philosophical air, "I'm not



one to complain. Janey can sell her birthright for a mess of pottage if she wants to. She can dispose of all the old things she likes if she won't ask me to be present at the slaughter. I can always find something worth while to look at so long as there's a book on the premises. When she's gloating with her friends over the porcelain tubs and the things at number four, Franklin, I shall retire to my luxurious room and read my one and only magazine."

"Perhaps you might have a little shelf for that," said Dora gravely. "I don't suppose you'd expect more, would you?"

"Not in this world," replied Peter, folding up his napkin. "When I get to heaven if they'll let me I'm going to have a room all shelves, and then I shall have millions of pictures—"

There was another shout. Peter's face broke into its whimsical, good-humored smile, and they all got up, laughing, and left the table.

That night Dora had a dream; she thought she saw Peter in an immense room opening everywhere through lofty marble arches to the mountains and the sea. "I don't know where it was," she said, telling them about it at the breakfast table. "It might have been any one of those places Peter was talking about last night. He had my imagination all fired up with his marble halls and 'magic case-ments opening on the foam.' You ought to have seen that great room I dreamed of, Peter, and the view!"

"I'd like to," said Peter, finishing his coffee, and the droll lines deepened about his mouth, "but I'm afraid dreams go by contraries in this world. My room is—two by four, did you say, Pen? Well, something like that—commodious, I call it! Come on, boy, or we'll miss the train."

"Doesn't he really mind?" asked Dora when Janet, who had run out to watch her brothers off, came in again, laughing, and with her hair blown about her bright face by the spring wind.

"Mind?" Janet repeated. "Moving? Oh, the little room! Why, no! If Peter has a book he wouldn't know it if he were at the bottom of the sea. Besides, there's the living room, you know."

Dora had a fleeting vision of Janet's brother Peter in Janet's little girl-filled living room. "This seems just the right setting for him somehow," she said thoughtfully, looking about the dim old library. "This or—Stoke Fleming. How he would fit into one of those beautiful, romantic old English places and love it, wouldn't he?"

"Would he?" said Janet, blinking her blue eyes. "Darling Peter!" she added.

Janet and her mother went to the new house that afternoon. The movers had already taken over a load of furniture, some of which was for Janet's own room, and she was all aquiver with eagerness to see how it would look. The fun she was going to have in that room and in that house and in that neighborhood! She would be through school in a year or two, and there would be nothing but good times after that. Probably Peter would buy her a car—everyone had cars now. He was going to get her a new set of furniture anyway, a lovely new set of furniture for her new room,—and who could tell what else?

She danced up and down the stairs and helped her mother to measure windows for curtains and spaces for beds and bureaus. She peeped into Peter's little room and was momentarily startled to find that it was even smaller than she had thought, but she danced away again, remembering that he had described the way all the furniture would go in.

It was not until they were at last ready to lock up and go home that anything unusual happened. The sun was then setting; its rays were pouring through all the western windows and shedding reflected radiance from every wall. Now there seems to be a sort of magic in the light of the setting sun, something that reveals things hidden at other times during the day. Whether magic had anything to do with it or not, or whether it was only Janet's excited imagination that played such an extraordinary trick on her eyes, certain it is that when she looked into Peter's little room again to see whether the windows were closed she saw some one sitting beside the window. He sat in a straight chair with his knees doubled up uncomfortably against the towel rack in the little space between the bed and the bureau. He had a book in his hand and was deeply absorbed in it. Then Janet knew in a moment that she was looking at Peter's ghost! For the form she saw could not have been Peter himself of course, any more than the chair it sat in was a real chair.

But it was Peter to the life, as Janet saw it, with Peter's funny, hunched look about the shoulders, his whimsical, grave mouth, his shining glasses and the little wisp of hair sticking straight up from the thin place on the top of his head; and it read as Peter would read, lost to the world in its book. An innocent ghost surely! A placid, gentle, droll, contented ghost! What was there in the sight of it that caused Janet's eyes to fill with stormy tears and her breast to heave with a sudden tumult of indignant woe?

Was it perhaps that, since a ghost is supposed to be made of transparent substance, she could look right through it and see, as she had never seen it before, Peter's ardent soul glowing behind the quaint, dry mask of Peter's body? What was it that he saw between the covers of his book? What was it he saw in the pictures that he loved? Venetian palaces and gleaming mosques and blue Aegean seas? All the dreams that Peter's self, alas! had never realized?

In that instant Janet saw them with Peter's eyes. "Peter!" she said in a trembling voice. But the ghost did not turn its head.

"Dear Peter!" she pleaded. The ghost took not the slightest notice of her, but just hunched up its patient, uncomfortable knees against the towel rack, turned another leaf and went on poring over the beloved pages in the dimming light. Then Janet turned and fled.

When her mother, tired of waiting, came upstairs she found her daughter pulling out the things that had been packed in her bureau drawers and dropping them into a big clothes basket that stood near by. "Janet! Why, what are you doing, dear?"

"Moving," replied Janet.

"But this is your room!"

"Oh, no!" said Janet, hastily gathering up a pile of picture frames and plumping them on top of pillow slips and table covers. "I'd rather have the other—Peter's, you know. It's—it's warmer and handier to the back stairs." Then, meeting her mother's astonished eyes, she dropped everything and sat down suddenly in the clothes basket with her hands over her face. "O mother!" she lamented. "How did I ever come to be such a selfish pig?"

"My dear!" said Mrs. Royce.

"I am," said Janet, sobbing. "I've always taken everything I wanted and have never cared whether anyone else had what they wanted or not. And I never knew it till today! Oh, I don't know what made me—Dora's dream maybe or something she said, or the way Peter looked. He's moving just to please me. I guess I know! What does he care about a fashionable neighborhood or porcelain tubs? And that meagre little room that we've given him with no shelves or—Has Peter ever had anything he really wanted, ever in this world, mother, tell me that?"

Mrs. Royce turned a little pale. "O Janet, dear," she said, "it's true Peter has given up a good deal!"

"Everything!" said Janet; "I know; he's just given up everything for us. They both have!" She got up, quivering, from the basket. "It isn't so much Pen,—he's younger and different; besides, he's going to have his chance now,—but Peter—he's never even seen the beautiful things he's dreamed about all his life. He's never had a chance to make beautiful things or to do them, and his soul is full of beautiful ideas. I've seen it, and I know! Mother, do you think his dreams will ever come true—now?"

"I wish they might, dear," said Peter's mother. "I would do anything to make them!" "So would I," said Janet. "Anything!" She drew a deep breath and looked out at the glory of the sunset that filled the western window. In that moment there was born in her soul a fierce resolve to learn whatever horrid thing it was that Dora was learning at her commercial school. She would make Peter's dreams come true yet! She would take care of herself! She would take care of her mother! Peter would not always have the burden of them.

"Some day his dreams will come true," she said in a low firm voice. "But he's got to have a place to dream them in now, a place he'll love. We'll make it for him, won't we, mother, the cosiest place with all the old things he wants—"

"But, Janet—this?" There were tears in Mrs. Royce's eyes. "Dear child, how do you know he'd want it even?"

"I don't know," replied Janet, "but wouldn't it show him that I c-cared, that I appreciated—"

That was the beginning of a new era in the history of the Royce family. Janet, having

put her hand to the plow, was not one to turn back; if she ever felt inclined to regret the sacrifice that she was making or her new resolve to consecrate her life to something other than the pursuit of good times and the worship of—porcelain tubs, so to speak, one thought of that wistful ghost in the window sent her flying, penitent, to plan some new luxury for Peter's room.

When the boys came home the next night after that eventful day the big bookcases were gone. "Found somebody to give them to after all, did you, Crumps? Bright girl," observed Pen, strolling past the wall where they had been.

Peter said nothing, but potted about the bare library with a lost air and look of wistful melancholy that caused Janet to swallow a lump in her throat and clap noiseless hands of glee behind his back.

She managed to keep both the boys away from the new house until the afternoon of moving day; she and her mother and Mike and Rosa had already spent a busy morning there. When Peter and Pen arrived she led them triumphantly to see "her room."

There it was, orderly and complete with the western sun streaming a welcome in at the wide bay window; but nothing of Janet's was in that smiling room. Peter's brass bed



DRAWINGS BY
O. F. HOWARD

THE medicine chinook blew steadily for three days, and then Cold Maker came down out of the north and conquered it with a mighty blizzard. The people were prepared for the storm. During the warm three days the hunters had brought in immense quantities of buffalo and antelope meat, and the women had gathered and stacked by their lodges enough fuel to last a long while. And so while the storm raged and the lodge wings fluttered and boomed in the icy blasts feasting and story-telling, singing and dancing and religious observances made the time pass quickly.

On the first evening of the blizzard my friend and former guardian, Joseph Kipp,—or Mas-to-nu-pah-chis: Crow Quiver,—gave a feast in his big trade lodge. Old Hugh Monroe, or Rising Wolf, Jackson, his grown grandson, old man Rivois, the trapper, and I were the white guests.

Joseph Kipp was born in Fort Union in 1848. In 1856 he went upriver with his parents to Fort Benton, and there he passed the greater part of his youth. Before he was twenty years old he scouted for the army and later took part in several prospecting expeditions northward along the main range of the Rockies. Early in the seventies he went into the Indian trade on his own account—his father, Capt. James Kipp, had been a prominent member of the American Fur Company. From the Judith Basin north to the Saskatchewan, in what is now the Province of Alberta, Canada, and from the Rocky Mountains eastward to a north and south line intersecting the mouth of Milk River the country is dotted with the various trading posts that Joseph Kipp built at different times, according to the shifting of the great buffalo herds and their red hunters. In 1870 he led the invasion of American traders and trappers into Hudson's Bay Company territory and built successively forts Stand Off, Slide Out, Kipp and Whoop Up on the St. Mary, the Old Man and the Belly rivers in the Canadian northwest. Later when the Northwest Mounted Police came to the aid of the British company he returned to Montana and continued in the trade until 1883, when the last of the buffalo herds was exterminated. Thereafter he engaged in trade

was there, and the broad couch was opposite. His books and belongings were on the walls. There was furniture from the old library; the old morris chair was in the window, and a book was lying open on its friendly arm. And in the wide space against one wall the big bookcases stood side by side, filled to the doors with the stuff of Peter's dreams!

Pen had stopped short on the threshold, but Peter went straight on into the room and stood looking at the heavy cases. "Carry 'em up yourself, Crumps?" he asked gently.

"Oh, do you like it, Peter? Do you?" cried Janet, quivering between tears and laughter. "It isn't Hants and Sussex Borders or yet Stoke Fleming, but—"

"It's too good for him," declared Pen. "We won't let you do it, you know, Janey. Not for a minute!"

But Janet was looking at Peter; for whatever he might do or say later her older brother with one comprehensive glance at his treasures and with one look at her had made for the morris chair in the window. Picking up his book, he settled back with a long sigh of content as if,—O darling Peter, what were all the fine automobiles and expensive furniture sets in the world compared with this?—as if he had found the earthly paradise itself at number four, Franklin!

PUH-POOM

By James Willard
Schultz

and then in stock raising on the Blackfoot Reservation, and there he remained, loved and respected by all.

Now to return to the feast. After the food was disposed of old Hugh Monroe suddenly began to laugh quietly and rub his hands together. "Crow Quiver, my son, do you remember the time Sleeping Thunder's buffalo runner was stolen?" he presently asked in Blackfoot.

"Ha! Do I!" Kipp answered in the same tongue. "Why, it was because of it that I first looked death close in the face; and I was young and afraid. Ah, yes, wasn't I afraid?"

"Tell us about it!" we all demanded.

"Well, 'twas this way," he began. "In the fall of my twelfth year the great chief of the company ordered my father to St. Louis, and he at once embarked in a keel boat with four voyageurs for rowers and left my mother and me at Fort Benton in charge of Sleeping Thunder [Maj. George Steell of the American Fur Company]. There we were to remain until spring, when my father would return or perhaps would send for us to meet him at Fort Union."

"My son, you may as well be earning a few dollars during the long winter months to come," said Sleeping Thunder to me one day. "I will appoint you my young helper. You shall keep my office clean, light the morning fire in it and in my quarters, and you shall also take care of my buffalo runner Puh-poom, or Lightning."

"I was glad to have all that to do. The pay, ten dollars a month, seemed to me a great deal for the little that was asked of me. I began my duties at once."

"I loved that black horse Puh-poom. Large and powerful he was and of fiery eye and wicked temper; yet to me he was always gentle, whinnying when I went to feed him, nosing me and playfully nipping my arms or shoulders when I was cleaning his shining coat, and always standing very still when with difficulty I would mount him for his daily exercise. And I loved to see Sleeping Thunder start out on him for a buffalo run. How grand, how brave they were—the horse prancing, shaking his beautiful head and jerking on the bit, eager to be off; the man, stern-eyed, long-haired and of fine figure, sitting the saddle as if he had grown there! And how elegant was his dress, a long coat of fine blue cloth and many bright buttons, trousers to match and beautiful bead-embroidered moccasins on his slender feet—"

"Ai! The white men of those days really were chiefs," old Eagle Head interrupted. "They were all long-haired and smooth-faced. They dressed elegantly. When we went to the fort they received us with proper ceremony. Cannon boomed and flags fluttered. At the great gates they embraced us

and invited us in. They made speeches of welcome, and we replied. We smoked together the great pipe and were feasted. We exchanged presents. We sought, and got, their honest advice on matters of importance to the people. Ho! Indeed the white men of those days were chiefs."

"Ai! How different they were from these newcomer whites of today!" Bear Chief exclaimed.

Kipp made a gesture of emphatic assent and went on: "Sometimes Sleeping Thunder allowed me to go out with him for a buffalo run, and at such times I always rode his second-best horse, a rather small but very strong and swift sorrel—that is, he was fast enough for a short distance. My weapon was a six-shooter—powder and ball of course. Sleeping Thunder carried two of them and also a fine rifle. And every time he went out on the chase the post hunter and four or five of the employees followed, driving each a two-wheel Red River cart in which to bring back the meat; for meat and plenty of it he always killed.

"To see him and that black horse approach and run a herd of buffalo was worth while. We seldom had to go far to find a good herd—seldom farther than the big ridge between the fort and the Teton River to the north or the edge of the plain south of the fort bottom. We would keep out of sight of the animals as much as possible until we were very near them; Puh-poom would dance along sideways and try to get the bit in his teeth in his eagerness to rush right in among them.

"When we reached the last point of concealment, the head of a coulee or the near side of a hill or a ridge, and another step or two would take us into plain view of the herd, Sleeping Thunder would suddenly give the horse the bit, and with a quick, long leap it would start with the speed of an antelope, its ears flat back and its eyes all alight with green, mad fire. Right into the thick of the herd it would lunge, scattering the frightened, fleeing animals, and such was its training that the rider had only to press it with one or the other of his knees and point his weapon, and it would take after the fat cow wanted, rush up alongside and swerve away as the shot was fired. Then Sleeping Thunder would indicate the next animal he wanted, and Puh-poom would take him to it. On and on they would go, often for a couple of miles, and would leave behind a string of dead and dying cows. Seldom did Sleeping Thunder kill less than fifteen on a run. More often the number would be above twenty; and once, running a herd in the level fort bottom, he killed thirty-one, every animal a big, fat cow!

"The longer I cared for that horse the more I loved it. Many times a day when there was nothing else to do I would go to the stables and comb and brush it and talk to it and see that its feeding place was full of the greenest and sweetest scented hay.

"You all remember that the stables were on the north side of the fort. A stout little door in the thick adobe wall of the stockade gave admittance to them and to the high log corral inclosing them. There was a gate in the corral, and it as well as the little door in the stockade was padlocked every night. My duty was to lock them, and I never failed to do it, always at sundown or a little before that time. Mine also was the duty to unlock them when, after building the morning fires, I went to feed Puh-poom.

"Winter came on; and now that the fur of the buffalo was at its best, full-grown, thick and dark, Sleeping Thunder rode Puh-poom out for the chase oftener than ever. All was well. Then came the night before the Big Medicine Day of the whites (Christmas). On the morrow we were to have the great feast of the whole year. There was to be white bread and a pudding with dried raisins and currants in it and coffee with sugar in it, and of course there would be meat. Late in the evening I went into Sleeping Thunder's cookroom and saw his woman preparing the things, and my heart was glad. She even gave me a little lump of brown sugar. How good it tasted! Not since the middle-of-the-summer Medicine Day (Fourth of July) had I even seen sugar. And so, thinking happily of all the good things we were to have the next day, I went to my mother's room and to bed.

"This is the Big Medicine Day," I said to myself when I got out of bed the next morning and pulled on my clothes. Out I went and built the fires in office and kitchen and living room; then I hurried to the stables. Puh-poom was not in his feeding and standing place. "He has loosened his

rope; he is in with some other horse," I said and ran the whole length of the stable only to find that he was nowhere in sight. And then for the first time I noticed that the stable door was open. I ran back and out into the corral; before me the big gate stood open, and from its end post dangled the heavy log chain and the padlock with which it had been fastened. In the snow lay a short, stout pole that some one had used to pry it loose. I looked down and at my left saw the moccasin prints of a man and the tracks of a horse; Puh-poom had been stolen!

"Sleeping Thunder! Some one has stolen Puh-poom!" I cried, as I burst into the chief's bedroom.

"He rose on one elbow and looked at me with half-opened eyes. 'What do you mean?' he asked. 'Stolen Puh-poom—they couldn't do that, you know.'

"But they have; some one has taken him," I told about the tracks in the snow and the gate chain.

"He sprang out of bed quickly and, reaching for his clothes, shouted: 'Run! Rouse the fort. Tell Baptiste Rondin to come to me at once.'

"Most of the employees were already up, and I soon had them gathered with Rondin—he was a post hunter—in the big office. Sleeping Thunder came in half dressed. 'Baptiste, some one has stolen Puh-poom,' he said, so excited that he breathed heavily and the words almost choked him. 'Now, hurry. Take your men and get after the thief. I'll give two hundred dollars to the one who recovers the horse.'

"We were out of the room and running for the stables almost before he finished speaking. We saddled quicker than we had ever done before and took the trail of the thief. On the north side of the fort only was there any snow; the bottom was bare of it; but here and there in the hard-packed earth the tracks of the horse showed dimly; they led us straight down the bottom and up on the hard, gravelly ridge, but there we lost them. In that direction, at the mouth of Marias River, was the Gros Ventre camp; evidently some one from there had taken the horse. We were about to go on when Rondin, who was off some distance to the north, called to us: 'I have the trail; come on.'

"He did have it. The thief had turned and had ridden north toward the Teton. Step by step we followed the tracks across the ridge to the edge of the little valley. There along both sides of the timbered stream was the camp of the North Blackfeet, five hundred and more lodges. That branch of the great confederacy was not friendly to us. True, many of the hunters and their women came daily to the fort to trade with us, but they came with anger in their hearts and cursed us while exchanging their buffalo robes and furs for our ammunition and guns and various goods. One of their war parties had recently met a band of free trappers at the mouth of the Prickly Pear Cañon and in a fight with them had lost five men, and now the whole tribe was in a rage. The Long Knives had spilled Blackfoot blood, and Long Knife blood must in turn be spilled.

"There on the brow of the hill we held a short council. Some were for going down into the camp and hunting for the black horse; some frankly acknowledged that they were afraid to go. Baptiste Rondin settled the matter by saying that we should all return to the fort and Sleeping Thunder. So back we went.

"Ha! Hum! So that's where Puh-poom is, in the North Blackfoot camp! Sleeping Thunder exclaimed when Rondin told him the result of our search. And then he was silent a long time, twisting about nervously in his big armchair; and we stood silent before him.

"Well, my men, you may go to your quarters," he said at last. 'It is Big Medicine Day, you know. I have issued flour and sugar, coffee and raisins and a little candy to your women. I hope you will all have a good dinner and enjoy yourselves.'

"The men thanked him and went out. I



I thought I was about to die

remained. 'Sleeping Thunder, let me try to recover Puh-poom,' I pleaded.

"No," he answered very decidedly. 'You shall not venture into that North Blackfoot camp. I am responsible to your father for you. What would he say to me if I should allow you to take such a risk and you were killed? And besides—well, you have a big place in my heart, boy. I love you too well to consent to your taking any chances. You may go now. I'll try to think of some way to recover Puh-poom.'

"I went to my mother's room—she was helping Sleeping Thunder's woman cook the big dinner—and lay down. I felt sick. I loved Puh-poom, and he was gone. I should never see him again. At last I fell asleep.

"My mother awakened me for the big meal, and I took my place at the table. Sleeping Thunder put a couple of roast boss ribs on my plate; his woman poured me a cup of coffee and passed me the bread, the marrow grease and the sugar. The big pudding, all nice and brown on top, was at her side. I began to eat.

"Well, my son," said Sleeping Thunder, 'I guess we lose Puh-poom. Old Four Bears, the North Blackfoot camp crier, came in a while back, and I bribed him into admitting that a young hunter named Red Sun is the thief. Well, as soon as I learned that, I sent Jack Miller's woman—she is North Blackfoot, you know—over to camp with a message to this Red Sun. I asked him to come and talk with me, offered big presents for the return of the horse; and the answer I got was that not for the fort and everything in it would he give up the black buffalo runner, and that he and his friends would kill anyone who tried to take the animal from him.'

"Right there I stopped eating. I got up from the table and went back to my bed and cried myself to sleep. Remember, I had seen but twelve winters. After a time my mother came in, bringing Big Medicine Day food, but I couldn't touch it. She made me undress and get into bed, but I didn't sleep much. All night long, cold and hungry, I was thinking of Puh-poom picketed in the camp of the north people.

"Now came a time of misery for me and for Sleeping Thunder too. Within two or three days old Four Bears entered the trade room and in a loud voice began to brag about Puh-poom. 'What a horse that big, black runner is!' he said. 'Why, in all the plains country there is nothing to equal him. It is no wonder Red Sun will not part with the animal. Yesterday, riding it, he got into a herd of buffalo far ahead of the other hunters, although all started even, and killed eighteen fine cows!'

"Oh, how that news hurt me! And it was only the beginning. Daily thereafter Four Bears came over from camp and sat in the trade room and bragged of Puh-poom's

strength and swiftness and of the great number of cows Red Sun was killing on every run. The malicious old man kept me in such a state of anger and unrest that I was in tears about half the time and could neither sleep nor eat; I began to lose weight. And then one day Red Sun himself came into the fort; his woman followed with a bundle of six robes on her back. Straight into the trade room he came. The four employees behind the counter were busy, trading with other Indians. He stood quite still for some time and then called out angrily: 'Which one of these dog white men will wait on me, Red Sun?'

"I will," I said. 'I want to get a good look at you so I will know you when I see you again.'

"Look, then. Look hard," he said, 'and here, take these six robes and give me a gun. A man with such a fine, big, swift black buffalo horse as I have should carry a gun to match it.'

"Sleeping Thunder had come into the trade room and had heard our talk. He examined the robes. 'Give him a gun,' he said, and I laid a new, brass-mounted flintlock on the counter.

"Red Sun picked it up, examined it and started for the doorway; there he stopped

and said, 'I shall ride the black on another chase tomorrow and shall kill enough buffalo to pay for two or three guns like this.' And with that parting word he crossed the court and went out the big gate.

"I saw fire and felt fire in my heart all the rest of the day. I went to bed early, and when I knew by my mother's breathing that she was asleep I got up, took a blanket from the bed, sneaked out to the office and got the keys of the stable and the corral gate. Soon I was heading for the Teton on the back of the little sorrel horse. Arrived near the edge of the big Blackfoot camp, I tied the horse in the brush, wrapped the blanket round me Indian fashion, well concealing all my face except the eyes, and wandered about among the lodges. A full moon was shining, and I could see the color and shape of the picketed horses at some distance. The people were mostly round the lodge fires, feasting, smoking, singing, dancing and telling stories; some were passing from lodge to lodge on their round of visits. I was terribly scared; should any of them speak to me or stop me, the chances were that I should never get out of camp alive. I gripped my six-shooter under my blanket and cocked it, ready if I must to fire and run for my horse. Once a passing man did speak to me. 'Where are you going?' he asked.

"I gave him a flippant answer. 'Kak-ok-sais-kin-it! (Go and find out!)' I said, and he laughed and passed on. His question had made my heart beat fast, and I was so scared that I almost drew my weapon.

"Well, although I wandered all through that great camp and examined every one of the buffalo horses picketed for the morning chase I could not find Puh-poom. Red Sun must have hidden him somewhere outside of camp, in the timber above or below perhaps or up in one of the coulees running down from the plains on the north side of the river. The people were now mostly gone to bed; I dared linger in the camp no longer. So I went back to the little sorrel, mounted him and rode him home, determined to come again the following night.

"I was very sleepy all the next day. At sundown I ate a hearty meal and went to bed, planning to sleep a short time and then start out again in quest of Puh-poom. When I awoke the fire on the hearth was out, so I knew that the night was far gone. Nevertheless I got up again, took the keys and, saddling the sorrel, rode quickly to the Teton. The sky was overcast; I could not see the Seven Persons and so had no idea how near was the coming day.

"On arriving at the camp I rode all through the timber for a long way on the upper side of it and then through two belts along the stream below it, but found only bands of loose horses. I knew that Puh-poom would not be among them. 'He must

be up in the breaks to the north,' I said to myself, and, striking the slope away below camp, I rode up one coulee and down the next and up another and so on until I was well west of the lodges; then I saw that day was breaking. 'I will search one more coulee,' I said, 'and then go home.'

"It was a deep, wide coulee with two forks, and in the upper fork, picketed on good grazing, stood Puh-poom! He whinnied, and, oh, how good the sound was in my ears! The little sorrel answered, and I came near shouting for joy. Riding close, I jumped down and loosened the black's rope from his neck, and as he came to me I gave him a hug—and, yes, a kiss. And then, getting back on the sorrel, I started to take the black home.

"I could not help looking back at him as I rode down the fork, and so, coming to

where it joined the other fork, I did not see a man standing there with a loaded gun, awaiting me. Suddenly glancing up in the half light of the morning, I recognized Red Sun, and I thought I was about to die. It was an awful thought and made me sick. I thrust my hand under my blanket for the six-shooter, and at the same time he pulled the trigger. I saw the flash of powder in the pan as the flint clicked against the steel and threw myself forward flat on the sorrel's neck; and—oh, my friends, the gun hung fire! And when it did go off the bullet passed harmlessly above me.

"It was my turn now. Already my enemy was pouring powder for another shot at me. I drew my weapon and fired, and with a yell of pain he dropped his gun, reeled and swung half round; then he came straight and swift toward me with a drawn knife

in his left hand; his right forearm swung useless. I did not want to kill him; my one wish was to get out of his sight. Steep as the coulee was, I urged the sorrel straight up the side of it and round the man; Puh-poom readily followed. When we were down in it again I fairly flew to the mouth, then across the valley and up over the divide and then down to the fort. The big gates were open. Some employees in the courtyard greeted me with a shout. Sleeping Thunder came out of his office, stared a moment and then came and dragged me from my horse and embraced me. 'Oh, rash boy, brave boy! How like your father you are! And you have brought me Puh-poom! Well, the two hundred dollars and my thanks and love forevermore are yours!' he cried. Then with his arm across my shoulders he led me into the office and made me tell him all about it.

"You can be sure that we took no risks with the North Blackfeet the rest of that winter. We disarmed them at the gate when they came to trade, and we kept the cannons in the bastions loaded with grapeshot and stationed men beside them.

"Red Sun, lying in his lodge with a broken arm, sent word to me by old Four Bears that he would kill me as soon as he got well. I did not see him again for some years, and by that time I was pretty well grown up. We met on a trail, and with rifle ready I looked him straight in the eyes and passed. He never so much as looked back, but I turned and watched him; I was taking no risks. Still later when I crossed the line and built Fort Stand Off we became good friends.

"There, boys, that is the story of the black horse Puh-poom, the best buffalo runner that ever made tracks in the northwest."

SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE I HAVE MET

By the Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.

WHY is one person interesting and another uninteresting? What elements of character or position make us want to know a man or to know about him? It is not always easy to say. Sometimes it is the indefinable thing called personality that makes a person interesting. Sometimes it is a peculiarity of mind or body. Dr. Samuel Johnson is the more interesting because of his uncouth body, his pock-marked face and his bluff, brusque and sometimes exasperating way of expressing his opinions. Pope, the bard of Twickenham, is the more interesting because his genius triumphed over his bodily deformity and weaknesses.

But neither Dr. Johnson nor Pope would be interesting because of their peculiarities had they not contributed to the great literature of the world. No man who has not done something for his day and generation is likely to receive much attention either from his contemporaries or from posterity. There are seeming exceptions to that rule, however, among men who, though born to exalted positions, like the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, yet have hindered rather than helped the progress of the world. Some people too are interesting to one person and not to another.

One man whom many people have found interesting was William T. Stead, the great English journalist and reformer. He was interesting because of what he was and of what he did; he was able to bring about real reforms and to make a deep impression on his times.

Of striking personality, he was not so erratic as unusual people often are. At first he

far more to turn a sentence for his Review of Reviews with pith and "punch" than to get exactly the right twist on his necktie. But you couldn't talk with him for ten minutes without feeling sure that he was a man of tremendous convictions, that he would be willing to die for them if necessary, and that he was utterly careless concerning his reputation or his own future if he knew that his words and actions were right and true. His recklessness once got him into jail for months because he overstepped the law in securing evidence against certain evil-doers, but he used to say that those months in jail were the happiest of his life.

In the stained-glass door that led into his modest inner editorial sanctum was inscribed the motto from Proverbs, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding." This showed the deeply religious spirit that he carried into all his undertakings.

Some men are as fortunate in their death as in their lives. Stead was one of them; he went down in the icy waters off Newfoundland when the Titanic met her fate at the hands of a reckless commander. "Women and children first," was his motto in death as it had been in life, and he left the life boat to them instead of seeking his own safety.

Another great journalist of a different character and outlook on life whom I once met and with whom I had many long conversations was the late Lord Northcliffe, then plain Alfred Harmsworth. We were journeying together on the same steamer to India, and Harmsworth was then near the beginning of his marvelous newspaper career. I do not think he could have been more than thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, but he told me that he owned three daily papers and some twenty weeklies. Before his death he acquired many others, including the Times, "the Thunderer" of London, perhaps the most influential paper in the world.

One night as we paced the deck under the soft, benignant Indian moon, which invites to confidences, he told me about his first start toward a fortune. He said he was working for two pounds (ten dollars) a week when it occurred to him that he might start a magazine of his own. So he made up a dummy of a penny weekly such as has long been popular in England. It was to be named Answers and was intended to ask and answer its own questions; furthermore, it was based on the undoubted fact that the ordinary man likes to take his information in tabloid form and in homeopathic doses. The editor proposed to ask as if from a world of men thirsting for information such questions as:

"How many letters are in the 22d chapter of Second Chronicles?"

"How many drops of water would fill a gill measure?"

"Who originated the query, 'Who struck Billy Patterson?'"

"How many years would it take a person to travel on an express train to the nearest fixed star?"

In extending his Society of Christian Endeavor all over the world, Dr. Clark met rulers and distinguished people of almost every nation

Doubtless in the course of time many genuine questions came to be asked by people outside the editorial office, and all of them were supposed to be answered by the omniscient editor and his assistants.

Our conversation occurred more than twenty-five years ago, and Alfred Harmsworth

soon afterwards became Sir Alfred, and then Lord Northcliffe. At the time of his death he was proprietor of a good-sized "kingdom" in Newfoundland, covered with spruce trees, and made his own pulp and paper and indeed everything that goes into a great journal. He was probably the most hated and most feared man in England, for the policy of his papers has influenced millions.

My impression of Alfred Harmsworth—I did not know him as Lord Northcliffe—is that he was a man of tremendous ability, an exceedingly "smart" man in the American sense of the word. He was a hard worker. When I met him he was going to India to study some successful newspapers, though anyone would think that India was the last place that a live British journalist would visit for that purpose. He had just been to America to find out the reasons for the success of our most popular newspapers. He told me he had learned much and was going to introduce many American ideas into his dailies, which, by the way, is one of the reasons many Englishmen disliked him. He did many admirable things and exerted a tremendous influence, but I would not place him as a great moral, uplifting force in the same class with that other journalist who never earned much money but who always used his busy pen for the welfare of the world—William T. Stead.

Two dissimilar rulers, among others, I have also met. One was the president of a small republic in South Africa; the other was the autocrat of one of the greatest of empires. One died in exile; the other was honored with the most magnificent funeral of modern times. One sprang from the people and was brought up as a plowboy to lasso and herd cattle. The other was descended from a line of absolute rulers that stretched back surely for two thousand years, and traditionally for six thousand! Yet I am unable to say which man seemed to me the more interesting. Paul Kruger, president of the Transvaal Republic, was interesting for what he was; Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan, was interesting chiefly for what he represented.

Mr. Kruger's pastor took me to the president's modest cottage in Pretoria, in front of which stood the two famous marble lions that Cecil Rhodes had given to him. Oom (Uncle) Paul, as his people affectionately called him, was sitting on the stoop as I approached; he was smoking a long Dutch pipe; his coat was off, and there was half a week's stubby growth about his heavy mouth. Just inside at an open window his wife was knitting a long stocking. Altogether it was a pleasant, domestic scene and did not comport at all with the agitated state of the country;

for the time of my visit was just after the Jameson raid, and the British statesman Joseph Chamberlain was crowding the Boers to the wall, provoking them to fight that he might win the Transvaal with its immense wealth on the golden Rand of the British crown. At least, that is what the Boers believed, though the British denied responsibility for the Jameson raid and for other events that led to the war.

An eminent American engineer, Mr. John Hays Hammond, was said to be implicated in the raid and was then in jail in Pretoria. The report was that when arrested he had claimed British protection—a fact that explains President Kruger's first remark to me. Mr. Hammond has since told me that he never claimed

British protection, that he ran up the American flag and felt safer under it than under the union jack. However, the other story was generally believed, and when the president's pastor introduced me Oom Paul tapped me jovially on the shoulder and said, "Are you one of the Yankees who run to the queen when you get into trouble?"

I told him I had no intention of getting into trouble while in his domain and had come on an errand that was far from being military. The president talked genially for half an hour, but, though it was said that he could speak and understand English, he spoke only in Dutch; his pastor was our interpreter. The president told me I was welcome to the Transvaal, coming on a religious errand as I did. Then he told me something about his own religious life, that he was converted by a greatly honored American missionary, a Mr.



Alexander Pope



Samuel Johnson



Emperor Mutsuhito



King Ludwig



Paul Kruger



Cecil Rhodes

was a plain country journalist and had little except a facile pen and an unconquerable determination to tell the truth—a determination that made him feared and hated as well as loved and honored. He is said to have made and unmade cabinets, and to have caused ministers of state as well as criminals to shake in their shoes simply because he had found out the truth about them and printed it. He had frequent access to the Czar of Russia and even influenced him to call the first Peace Conference at The Hague. How different might the fate of the nations be today had the potentates of Europe listened to Stead's advice!

At first sight Stead's appearance was far from impressive. Bushy, rather unkempt whiskers concealed much of a kindly but not especially impressive face. He was not a "good dresser"; he cared



William T. Stead



Lord Northcliffe

As was natural, many stories were circulated about him, but most were to the effect that he was a devoutly religious man with a somewhat narrow theology,

that he was shrewd and patriotic and a genuine lover of his people, whom he thoroughly understood, since he had sprung from them. He was a genuine son of the veldt. Of course the extreme pro-British had other stories to tell, stories of his rapacity, his ignorance and his bigotry, but a good many of them probably were not true. Though he had little book learning, he knew the Bible almost by heart and could repeat whole chapters of it.

Soon after my visit the Boer War came on, dragging its weary length through year after year, revealing astonishing ability on the part of the Boer generals and troops and putting the greatest empire in the world to its trumps to win against a comparative handful of sturdy opponents. The aged president had fled to Holland by the advice of his generals, who thought that, as he was too old to fight, being almost eighty, he could do more for his country there than at home. If I remember right, he died in Switzerland soon after the war was over.

Striking indeed is the contrast between Oom Paul, the former president, and Mutsuhito of Japan, who for half a century had been worshiped as a god by millions of people. Mutsuhito saw wonderful changes during his long reign. At the beginning as the mikado, the spiritual ruler, he was overshadowed by the shogun, the military ruler, but Commodore Perry came, and as Japan opened its doors to Western commerce and Western ideas the shogun's power waned; the mikado was again supreme, and Japan stepped forward into the front rank of the family of nations. A new era for all the Asiatic world had begun. Those marvelous changes the emperor lived to see, and he was at the centre of many of them.

Moreover, during all that drift toward democracy he managed personally to preserve in a remarkable degree the "divinity that doth hedge a king." Indeed, never was a throne surrounded with a higher or more prickly hedge. Some of my Japanese friends wondered whether I should have to crawl in on my hands and knees when I met their emperor and then crawl out backward when the interview was over. How then did it happen that a humble Yankee civilian could actually be introduced to such a potentate and shake hands with him?

In truth I had little to do with it. My missionary friends in Japan, knowing that I was coming with a large company of Americans, arranged for the audience before I reached Japan. They wished that Christian work in Japan should receive some special recognition from the throne, and, as I represented one part of that work and as it would have been somewhat invidious to pick out one missionary among hundreds of eminent educational and religious leaders, I was chosen to represent them.

I had already enjoyed more than one interview with Count Okuma, the premier, and with other high officials, which perhaps prepared the way for the audience, though I do not think that the imperial authorities were particularly anxious to have it. At any rate they kept putting it off for one reason or another until at last our American ambassador, Mr. O'Brien, through whom of course the meeting had to be arranged, "chose to be offended" with the Japanese foreign office at the delay, and I was summoned to the palace on the morning of the day I was to sail for home.

Mr. O'Brien went with me, and we drove to the palace in state behind a pair of spanking bays. The prescribed court costume in Japan is much the same as that in most European courts and consists of evening clothes, white gloves, white tie and tall silk hat. On the way to the palace Mr. O'Brien told me how I must behave. "At the door of the emperor's room we must bow as low as the hinge in our backbones will let us," he said; "then bow again when halfway across the room, then again when we reach the emperor. He will shake hands, ask a few fool questions, which the interpreter will repeat, and you will answer. Then he will shake hands again; the interview will be over, and we will back out, bowing in the same places as before."

Mr. O'Brien did not mean that the questions would be foolish, but just ordinary unimportant questions, not meant to start any serious conversation. He said that the last person whom he took to the palace some six months before was former Vice President Fairbanks, who managed to ask a question or two,—a most unprecedented thing,—but of course Mr. Fairbanks had lately been the second official of the United States of America. Mr. Fairbanks, the ambassador told me, had unfortunately left his white gloves at

home by mistake, but even that negligence was forgiven in so important a man.

My interview took place at the ambassador had predicted. He and I passed into the great palace grounds, which are surrounded by a wide moat of enormous length; then we crossed a smaller moat that surrounds the palace and entered that ancient historic building built in pure Japanese style, beautiful yet wondrously simple as all Japanese buildings are. Numerous flunkies ushered us in, relieved us of our hats and went before us through the long, long passages, all of which were decorated with wall-paper chrysanthemums, the royal flower. In a fine reception room we waited a few minutes, entertained by some English-speaking officials, until the emperor's chamberlain announced right on the tick of eleven o'clock that His Majesty awaited us.

Crossing the corridor, we were ushered into a comparatively small room that did not impress me as being at all magnificent. At the other end stood His Imperial Majesty, dressed in a general's uniform of dark blue with only a few decorations. He had a typically Japanese face, but was taller and more heavily bearded than most Japanese are. His face was sober and unanimated but not unkindly; the grasp of his hand was cordial and firm.

I bowed in the right places as well as I could; Mr. O'Brien, having had more practice, naturally did the bowing better than I. The usual questions were asked: "When did you come?" "What ship were you on?" "Did you have a good voyage?" "When do you sail?" Nothing of importance was said, and, not being an American humorist, I did not ask His Majesty how he liked "mikadoing." In ten minutes the audience was over, and we retired in good order to the next strategic position, and thence to the carriage and eventually to the United States Embassy.

If the emperor had been simply Mr. Mutsuhito, of No. 21 Azuko Cho, Tokyo, I am not sure that the uneventful little call would have been worth recording, but circumstances certainly do alter cases, and a glimpse of a traditional descendant of the gods—a man whose ancestors for at least two millennia had been emperors and who represented the oldest dynasty in the world—was worth having. Thrones are tumbling in these days, and crowns are toppling off, but the Japanese throne and crown seem as stable as ever. Yes, there certainly was a marked contrast between that audience and my call on Oom Paul's front porch. It marked too a contrast between the present and former times.



Diana's reply was to cock the rifle

THE STRANGEST OF WEDDING JOURNEYS

By C.A. Stephens

Chapter Three. Denizens of the wilderness

ON the upper East Main River the McKays continued on their way for two days until they reached the native encampment at the spot where the Wenusk River joins the East Main. Six Indian families were camping there, and with them were three or four half-breeds. Though the elder McKay knew several of the campers by sight, the meeting with them was not satisfactory, for they had nothing to sell and the men appeared to be just recovering from a debauch; the factor learned that a "booze trader" had reached them a week before. Having given them the usual presents, Mr. McKay improved the opportunity to lecture them sharply on the folly of parting with their furs for intoxicants.

Leaving the East Main at that place, the little party ascended the Wenusk and the next day reached the spot where the stream issues from a long lake, or chain of lakes. It lies in the midst of a wide, treeless sink, or depression, which was largely covered with a peculiar spongy carpet of coarse moss. The growth was generally two feet thick, and in many places three or four. What particularly attracted the attention of the voyagers, however, was that all round the farther end of the lake and for several miles down the west shore the moss was on fire and was sending up vast columns of yellow, steamy smoke that quite obscured the sun. The weather at that season was dry. Somehow—no one

knows how—fire had got into the moss, and it was slowly spreading round both sides of the lake. But there was little blaze to be seen; the moss was burning more like peat than like brush.

As they voyaged along the shore opposite the fire they saw a singular spectacle. The moss beds were apparently the home of a kind of wood mouse, thousands on thousands of which were fleeing before the fire; you could see them jumping and scrambling along the whole front of the blaze. Nor was that strange flight the only remarkable thing about the burning fields. Springing and pouncing on the fleeing mice were numbers of hawks, foxes, lynxes, weasels, minks and other small carnivora. At a distance from the water two black bears were "harvesting" mice.

The Indians wanted to open fire on the fur bearers, but, as the peltries would have been of little value at that time of year, the old factor dissuaded them from doing so.

They camped that evening at the upper end of the lake, where the Wenusk continues. There they saw small fish called "gold eyes" that they could take by the hundred. They caught all they needed, and then with her bare hands Lododa captured a little caribou fawn that had entangled itself in a birch copse. And so the entire party feasted at supper. Although the season was no later than the second week of September, ice formed

in the water bucket that night, and their warmest wraps and blankets felt comfortable before morning. Toward midnight there were bright auroras.

The next morning as they were following the many crooks and turns of the devious Wenusk an unusual commotion among the geese and ducks ahead led the three to suppose that some enemy was attacking them, wolves perhaps. They could see flock after flock rising. But the cause of the disturbance proved to be a canoe coming down the river. At first they thought that the man in it was an Indian, but as the craft came nearer they saw that he was a white man in a Norfolk jacket. Since the channel was not more than thirty yards wide, the canoes were soon close together.

"Good morning, sir!" shouted Philip.

But the man neither replied nor turned toward them.

"Good morning, sir!" Philip shouted again.

Still the fellow paid no attention. Then with a laugh Diana said, "Good morning, stranger!"

But the stranger paddled on with never a backward glance, and they concluded that the solitary wanderer must have some potent reason for not wishing to communicate with his fellow men. His canoe seemed to be deeply loaded.

Such reticence was by no means evinced by a party of five whites with whom they fell in two evenings later while they were camping on the upper part of the Wenusk. The sun was setting red as blood from the smoke of the moss fires. The Indians had drawn up the canoes and were off collecting firewood and gathering boughs for beds when two canoes with five men came close along the shore. The fellows were rough and had hard, unprepossessing faces. One of the party was elderly; the others were much younger. All wore leathern jackets with belts and carried sheath knives and revolvers. In the canoes lay four or five carbines. One of the younger men hailed the McKays somewhat rudely.

Philip was setting up the tents at the time, and Diana was assisting him. "I don't like their looks," the girl whispered.

"No more do I," replied Philip and stopped work to observe them.

"Where are you bound with your pretty lady?" the oldest man called out.

The factor replied civilly.

"Got any whiskey?" another of the party demanded with a sharp glance at the things in their canoes.

"No whiskey. We don't carry it," Mr. McKay replied.

"Oh, temperance party, are ye?" another asked with a sneer.

"Yes," the factor replied.

They laughed loudly. "Wal, that's a pretty gal you've got with ye," one of them remarked. "She's a daisy, I'll say!"

"You have no need to say it," Philip interrupted him, coming forward. "And we don't care for your company here," he added.

"Is that so?" drawled the fellow. "Wal, my young buck, what if I do say it, and what if we take a notion to get out and stay right here?"

His voice was so menacing that Diana picked up her rifle.

"Oho, I guess you wouldn't fire off that gun at anybody, would ye?" asked the fellow, sneering.

Diana's reply was to cock the rifle.

The older man then said something in an undertone, and after another hard stare the dubious visitors paddled away.

"A bad lot," the elder McKay remarked. "Outlaws, I'm afraid; escaped criminals like as not."

"You see what a valiant protector I've got," Philip remarked with a glance at his Uncle James.

"Isn't that what I'm for?" Diana inquired and then laughed.

They passed an anxious and uncomfortable night there; either Philip or his young wife kept watch till daylight.

The next day they portaged to the south branch of the Big, or Mistisibbi, or rather to a small tributary flowing into that large stream, and on the day following were delayed for two hours while "carrying round" a cataract that had a fall of seventy or eighty feet. As they were launching the canoes in the great pool below the falls Diana, who was picking her way along the rocky bank, came to where a small brook entered the river between high, upstanding rocks. Driftwood from the river had floated back into the mouth of the brook and had met other drift stuff that had come down the smaller stream; as Diana was crossing

she espied afloat a quaint, much-worn little doll. She picked it up, wondering whether there were children near by; then she realized that the little figure had floated down the brook.

Philip at the time was helping to portage their luggage round the cataract. Seeing him coming with a load, Diana called out to him and showed him what she had found. He too was at a loss to guess how the doll had come there. "I don't think it has been in the water long," he said. "You say it came from somewhere up this little brook? Let's follow along a bit then." And they set off on foot up the stream.

The brook flowed between crags that in many places rose almost perpendicularly. But as they followed on vestiges of a path appeared, and at last, coming to where there was damp sand, they discovered the imprint of a child's foot. With increasing curiosity they hastened forward. The ravine became narrower as they went on, and the walking was bad, but they continued to follow it for at least half a mile.

Presently they heard children's voices and immediately emerged on a little pond that in part occupied an opening among the crags perhaps two acres in extent. A dense growth of balsam firs surrounded the pond except on one side where the trees had been recently felled and three or four low log houses had been built.

"I wonder if it is safe to go near those houses?" asked Philip, glancing at Diana's rifle. "Who knows but that this may be a haunt of outlaws, the gang we fell in with a few nights ago?"

Diana was looking at the little doll. "This doesn't indicate anything very bad or warlike," she said. Just then too a child emerged from one of the huts, followed by three others, and all ran, shouting, to the shore of the pond.

Reassured, Philip and Diana approached the little buildings. One of the children at once caught sight of them and for an instant stood staring as if spellbound; then with shrill screams the little fellow fled indoors. Immediately women's faces appeared at the doorways. There were sharp outcries of alarm, and in a few seconds all the doors were shut.

"Our coming doesn't seem to be hailed with joy," Diana remarked. "I wonder what causes them so much alarm?"

As they stood there a man wearing a kind of blue smock came out of the woods in the rear of the houses and after a hasty glance at the newcomers disappeared. Philip hailed the place several times, but obtained no response, though they caught glimpses of people peering from the rough apertures that served as windows.

Diana advanced to the door of one of the houses and knocked. Philip kept a few steps in the rear. Thinking that the folk might be really afraid of strangers, she called to them reassuringly for several moments; but nothing that either she or her husband could do or say sufficed to bring any of the occupants outside. On the contrary they heard those inside barring the door and piling heavy logs against it.

The McKays went away at last, defeated in their friendly attempts. What had made the people so suspicious of visitors remained unexplained at the time and until a long while afterwards. It seems that the people, living there amid such privations, were Dukhobors, members of a religious sect that a few years before the Great War had emigrated in considerable numbers from southern Russia to Canada and who had settled far up in Manitoba. To do military service was contrary to their religious convictions, and to avoid conscription the four or five families in that wild nook had migrated across James Bay and had sought sanctuary there.

At the fork of the Big River where the two great branches unite, the McKays found a party of sixteen Indian families encamped, partly Crees and partly Indians from the interior of Labrador. Among them the voyagers spent an entire day, making certain presents and establishing friendly relations with an eye to future trade. With the people were a number of French-Canadian half-breeds; all were simple folk and lived in the most primitive way. The women were specially delighted with the papers of large, strong needles that Diana distributed among them; some of the women were at the time sewing fawn-skin and bird-skin garments with dried fishbones for needles. Spools of coarse, strong linen thread also delighted them, poor brown little housewives of the north, so pitifully destitute of all the comforts of life!

Sharp snow squalls the following afternoon and ice forming again in the camp kettles warned the travelers to hasten their journey. It was still no later than the middle of September, but winter swoops down early in that northern region. To reach the most available portage they went up the north branch of the river and had proceeded for six or seven hours when a pathetic incident delayed them for a day and a half.

At the bend of the river where a stunted growth of fir and spruce fringed the low bank they spied a little tent showing white against the green boughs. Near it a canvas canoe was drawn up. Supposing the campers were an Indian family that it might be advisable to know, they veered in to make a landing. Philip hailed the tent and then, receiving no answer, jumped ashore. Diana followed him, and they went up to the tent. The flap was closed, but, peeping in, they saw a young white man lying wrapped in blankets. Not to startle him—for they supposed that he was asleep—they stepped back, and Philip shouted several times. Then they looked in again, but the man had not stirred. Thereupon Philip pushed the flap aside and, crawling in, shook him gently. The man neither waked nor moved. "Not intoxicated, I hope," Philip muttered.

"No, I think he is very ill," said Diana. They made further efforts to rouse the slumberer, but he remained comatose, breathing heavily. Diana called to the elder McKay to come ashore, and he and Philip, making

a fuller examination, discovered that the man had been shot or stabbed in his right leg above the knee. The wound was in shocking condition, and the whole leg was swollen to twice its natural size. "He has blood poisoning far advanced," the elder McKay said. "Some septic matter has got into the wound. He is far gone."

It seemed so desirable to learn who he was that they again made vigorous efforts to rouse him. Taking ammonia from their little medicine kit, they applied it to his nostrils, and several times he stirred as he inhaled the fumes. Once indeed he opened his eyes for a moment, and his lips moved, but nothing articulate came from them, and immediately he relapsed into the same state of coma.

"I'm afraid there is little we can do," the factor said at last. "We have come too late to help him. He will not live many hours."

Diana was deeply moved. "We mustn't go off and leave him to die here alone," she said.

The man's canoe was empty except for a few cooking utensils, but packed away under a tarpaulin at one side of the tent were nearly a hundredweight of ordinary tobacco, several dozen flasks containing what smelled and looked like Jamaica ginger and a box with a large number of colored spectacles such as traders sell to the Indians to prevent snow blindness. There was also a case containing cheap jewelry—rings, brooches and bracelets. There could be little doubt that the man was on his way from the coast up the river to trade with the Indians, but

whether he had had a partner or how he had received his injury they could only conjecture.

The voyagers camped a little way below where the tent stood and remained there for the night. Toward evening the factor noticed that the sufferer's breathing was becoming labored. About two o'clock his respiration became audibly weaker, and not long past three o'clock he ceased wholly to breathe and passed away without a struggle or a sign of consciousness. Apparently he was somewhere between twenty-two and twenty-five years of age.

In that remote wilderness of course there was neither coroner nor other authorities whom it was possible to summon; during the following forenoon therefore the Indians dug a grave near the tent, and with kindly hands they laid the body in it.

In the pocketbook, found in the man's coat, were not less than fourteen different business cards with addresses in various cities; but no name was attached to the book, and the cards seemed to have no personal relation to him. In the book also was fifty-one dollars in Canadian currency and silver. Mr. McKay afterwards sent the pocketbook together with a written statement of the circumstances of the man's death to the Hudson's Bay Company's factory at the mouth of the Moose River. The canoe, tent and contents were left as found in case he had a partner who might return.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TIDE-RUNNERS

By
George M.
Johnson



"Be sure you stay in the right position"

IF Fred Atkins had been more experienced in salt-water boating he might not have felt so self-satisfied over rigging his new steel skiff with an anchor rope of woven wire. Originally Fred had used a piece of half-inch rope, but some beach wanderer had stolen the rope and also the grapnel attached to it. To prevent a like loss in the future Fred fastened his new three-prong anchor to the bow of the boat by means of thirty-five feet of wire cable and doubly secured his anchor knots with an application of solder. Nothing short of a hack saw could have separated boat and anchor. It was really a foolish thing to do, but Fred did not realize that it was, and no one took the trouble to tell him. The other residents of the shore colony that the Atkins family had joined for the summer doubtless assumed that Fred knew what he was about.

Some fine catches of blackfish had been brought in from the reef that extended from a small cluster of rocks known as Duck Islands about a mile and a half from shore. Fred was a fisherman by instinct, though he had much to learn about salt-water fishing. He asked the advice of a neighbor, who told him what sort of tackle and bait to take and pointed out the best place to anchor. "You row out about one third the distance between the outer island and the red buoy that marks the shallowest part of the reef," his neighbor advised him. "Rising tide is generally better than falling tide or slack water. You'll need pretty heavy sinkers, because the tide comes through there like a mill race. You may not get so many fish as you would get inside the rocks, but they'll be bigger—what the old salt-water fishermen call tide-runners. I've often hooked them up to three or four pounds, and occasionally I've hooked even bigger ones."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Fred. "Those are regular corks! I've caught plenty of fish, but only small ones—perch, crappies, little pickerel and now and then a bass. The biggest bass I ever landed weighed two pounds and a half. Are tide-runners hard fighters?"

"They fight after a fashion, but they don't deserve to rank as true game fish. The bass you caught probably put up a better fight

than any four-pound blackfish would. Still they pull pretty hard, especially with the tide to help, and it's fun to haul 'em out."

Fred and his younger brother Walter spent a morning in pursuit of fiddler crabs; they obtained besides a few clams and some winkles and with that assortment of bait were ready to start. After dinner they shoved the skiff into the water and were on their way. The tide was low at half past eleven, which would give them several hours of rising water for their fishing. For best results they should have been on the spot when the tide turned, but finding bait had taken longer than they expected.

Finally they pulled out beyond the farthest rock of the group and lined the boat up with the red buoy several hundred yards off the islands.

"This is about one third, isn't it, Walt?" inquired Fred, resting on his oars.

"Near as you can tell without measuring it with a yardstick," Walter responded. "Shall I put the anchor over?"

"Go ahead, but be careful you don't go over with it."

The anchor fell, and in a few moments Fred said, "Now jerk her up and down to see if we're on mud or rock. You can always tell by the feel what sort of bottom you're over. You have to be on the rocks to get the tide-runners."

"It's rock all right," Walter assured him. "I can even hear the anchor clink on the bottom."

"Good enough! Now let's get busy. Bet you I land the first blackfish."

"Try and do it!" retorted Walter, hurriedly sorting out a hand line, for the heavy

sinkers necessary to hold the bait on the bottom made rods impractical.

The two rigs were over at the same instant, and then each boy waited breathlessly, with his line across his forefinger ready for the first nibble. Fred jerked up viciously.

"Bite?" Walter demanded.

"Sort of. Probably one of those worthless cunners. Mr. Chapman said they bothered a lot stealing bait. He said you'd know it when a tide-runner took hold."

Walter heaved wildly on his line. "Bet your life you'll know it!" he yelled in excitement. "I know it, let me tell you! I've got hold of one now. It felt as if the bottom had reached up and grabbed my bait!"

The taut line cut this way and that way through the water while young Walter held on for all he was worth.

"Want me to help you, Walt?" asked Fred.

"No, sir!" His brother grunted defiantly. "I'll land this old fish by myself, or I won't land him at all. You take care of your own line!" And a few minutes later he heaved his fish over the edge of the boat.

"He's a dandy, Walt!" cried Fred. "Weighs four pounds at least."

"I told you you wouldn't get the first one!" replied Walter and proceeded to bait again with supreme satisfaction. "Now it's your turn."

Fred lost several baits to the cunners before, fifteen or twenty minutes later, he felt the powerful downward surge of the line that marks the biting of a big fish. In a few moments he had even more of a fight on his hands than his brother had had, and when he finally conquered he was gratified to find

that the blackfish was half again as big as the one that Walter had captured.

"Great stuff, eh, Walt!" he said gloatingly. "You've said it!" his brother agreed. "My turn now."

Although the blackfish did not bite especially fast after that, the boys managed nevertheless to catch a fair number, though none of them was so big as either of the first two. Suddenly Fred noticed that the bow of the skiff was lower than it had been; the anchor wire went down very steep considering the strength of the tidal rip in which they were fishing. He felt vaguely uneasy. "We've got to get out of here," he said to his brother.

"What's the idea?" Walter demanded. "Fish are still biting."

"Look at the bow of the skiff. Our anchor line's too short, and as the tide rises the anchor holds our nose down. The thing must be stuck on the bottom."

"That's right. I didn't notice how low the bow was before."

"Neither did I. It's going to be some job to get that anchor loose, I'm afraid. But if I row the boat ahead against the tide, it ought to come free. One of the flukes is probably hooked under a rock."

Fred got out his oars. The boat moved ahead a short distance, but though he pulled with all his strength, the grapnel still held. "No use!" he grunted. Then after a moment's thought he said, "Walt, see if you can jerk the anchor free. I'll hold the boat in the tide; that will take most of the strain off the wire."

Walter yanked desperately while Fred worked hard to hold the skiff in the right position, but they gained nothing by the manoeuvre.

"Maybe the tide's nearly through rising," Walter suggested hopefully.

"Not by a long shot. High water comes at five-forty, and now it's only half past three. There must be at least two more feet of rise."

"Say, Fred, what will happen to us if we don't get the anchor loose?" Walter asked in a worried tone.

"The skiff will go under," Fred replied soberly.

"But father said this boat couldn't sink."

"She won't sink—not to the bottom; the air compartments will keep her up. But after her nose dips under and she fills with water the pull of the tide will hold her down—far enough to finish us anyway."

Walter's chin quivered a bit, but the next moment he smiled. "I guess you'll be able to fix it some way, Fred," he said confidently.

Fred's first thought was to unfasten the wire cable, which passed through a solid steel ring at the bow of the skiff. He got out his pocketknife and set to work to cut the solder away, but the soft metal was so closely mingled with the hard steel strands of the cable that fifteen minutes of chipping made little impression on it.

Meanwhile the water was rising fast. Fred realized that their situation was extremely dangerous, though he did not tell his brother so. Although he himself was a fair swimmer, he could not make the mile and a half to shore; nor could he hope even to gain the nearest island so long as the tide was bearing the way it was. Walter was good for less than two hundred feet.

Fred looked anxiously in all directions in hopes of seeing a boat that he might signal. Several boats were visible, but they were all too far off. It seemed that he must either save himself and his brother by his own efforts or not at all.

"See if you can row the boat against the tide, Walter," he directed. "I want to feel the anchor."

Walter was a strong boy for his age; he set to work at the oars and in spite of the powerful current slowly forced the skiff ahead. Fred pulled on the wire as soon as it was slack and found that it yielded two or three inches and then hung fast; when he released his hold he could feel the grapnel settle back. Each time he tried it the result was the same. It made no difference from what direction the strain came; Fred had his brother row the skiff to the right and to the left and a little farther ahead so that he could twitch on the wire uptide—but all to no effect.

"I can't hold her any longer, Fred," Walter said at last.

"Let her go, then. The anchor is caught under a big boulder or in a ledge. I wish I'd been satisfied with rope."

"How you going to get that anchor loose?" Walter inquired. The boy still had unbounded

confidence that in some way or other his brother's wit would get them free.

"I don't quite know," Fred admitted, and his brow wrinkled in thought. "There must be some way out, if I can only think of it."

As the skiff was now lying the bow was down so far that the water came up to within three or four inches of the gunwale. Time was getting short; another half hour would surely find the boat full of water and so far under as to be useless as a life raft.

Suddenly Fred began to take off his clothes.

"What's up?" Walter asked. "There's just once chance for us," his brother explained hastily, "and I'm going to take it."

In a few words he carefully described to his brother just how he thought the anchor was fastened. "Now," he said, "if you can only hold the boat as you did a little while ago, I'm sure I can get it loose; I'm going down to try anyway. It won't be hard to reach bottom, because I can pull myself down the cable, but I'll be able to stand it only a few seconds, and everything will depend on you. If you can hold the boat, I can jerk the anchor free; but I probably shan't be able to stir it if the tide is jamming the grapnel against the rock it's hooked to. Get the idea?"

"I've got it all right. Don't worry about me. I'll hold the boat."

"You'll have to keep your wits about you to be sure you stay in the right position," Fred said as he finished undressing. "There's one thing more. I'll swim for the surface with a good kick-off from the bottom when I've done what I can, but I shan't be able to get back to the skiff against the tide. So as soon as you feel the anchor clear pull up before it has a chance to catch again."

"How deep is it here?" Walter asked. "About thirty feet."

"But you won't have any wind left to tussle with the snarled anchor after you get down!" Walter protested. "Sounds to me like a pretty slim chance."

"It may be a slim chance, but it's our only chance. And anyway, if you're on the job, I shan't have to tussle. One lift on the anchor and it'll be clear."

"That's settled. Let's go!" said Walter.

Fred walked forward to the bow and, holding to the anchor cable, slipped easily overboard. "Shove her ahead, Walt."

The bow rose as the wire slackened.

"A little more on the right," Fred directed. "That's just right. Now hold her there!"

"I'll hold her," Walt promised through set teeth and worked the oars with rapid, even strokes.

Fred filled his lungs and then began pulling himself rapidly down the wire. He had always been good at under-water swimming, but he had never tried to go down thirty feet. The wire seemed to be endless, but finally his outstretched arm struck the uneven, rocky bottom of the reef. In desperate haste he felt for the anchor and found, as he had supposed, that it was wedged beneath the hollowed edge of a large flat boulder. He pushed back on the grapnel, expecting to release it without great effort, but it was firm under the rim of the rock. "Good night!" he thought. "The kid's not holding the skiff right. She's swung to one side, and he doesn't realize it."

Fred reached his left arm up and tried to pull the boat forward, but he had no purchase, and his body merely lifted clear of the bottom. The boy's lungs were throbbing painfully, and a roaring sounded in his ears. A few seconds more and he should have to give up.

Suddenly he felt the taut cable slacken as Walter succeeded at last in putting the skiff back where it belonged, and in frantic desperation Fred went to work again at the grapnel. At last it yielded to his fingers. A final thrust shoved it backward clear of the old boulder. Then he flexed his legs and gave a push that sent him shooting for the surface.

If the journey down had seemed long, the return seemed endless. Finally, when he was sure that he must yield to the pressure in his lungs, his head flashed up into the sunlight. For a moment he did nothing but gasp convulsively.

Presently he became aware that Walter was calling to him, and, turning his head, he perceived the skiff only a short distance away. He struck out for it, swimming slowly and laboriously, for his whole body was weary; his arms and legs were as heavy as lead. But he didn't care. The big thing was that he had acted well in the emergency; he had lived up to the confidence that his younger brother had in him.



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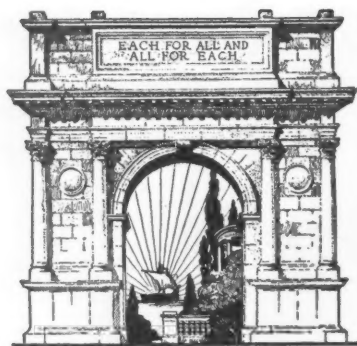
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FACT AND COMMENT

THE BEST PLACE for a vacation is where you can be most cheerful.

Pride plumed the Courtier's Hat; and Pride designed
The Woodman's Coonskin Cap with Tail behind.

TIME IS VALUABLE to some persons. If you can pick them out and save their time, they will pay you well.

DON'T REGRET TOO MUCH your ups and downs: after all the only man who has none is in the cemetery.

AUTOMOBILE PARTIES should not forget that "Leave a place as you like to find it" has long been a rule with gentlefolk.

FARM WAGES THIS YEAR appear to be generally higher than they were in 1922. Farmers who think they can afford it are paying experienced men as much as \$60 a month and board; others are going without help and planning to raise smaller crops. Many a farmer wishes he knew where he himself could get \$60 a month in cash besides his living expenses.

A PROFESSIONAL BALL PLAYER and manager of baseball teams has in a few words pointed out a fundamental distinction between the educated and the uneducated mind. "The college boy," he says, "or anyone with even a partly trained mind, tries to find out his faults and correct them. The unschooled fellow usually tries to hide his." It is clear enough which of the two will go faster and farther.

MORE CHEERING than most news from Russia is the report that a vast vein of iron ore has been discovered in the province of Kursk, three hundred miles south of Moscow. The vein is one hundred and fifty miles long and lies at a depth of from five to eight hundred feet. Many years ago it was observed that the compass in that region was deflected as much as fifteen degrees from the magnetic north, but why it was deflected was not then discovered.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY has converted the old battleship Kearsage into a unique crane ship, a feat that engineers regard as one of the greatest ingenuity, since it required rebuilding and strengthening much of the vessel. In appearance the crane ship is most unusual; all the superstructure has been cut away and a colossal jib built on a square tower amidships. Aft there is a tower with a saddle on top in which the jib rests when the vessel is at sea. The crane can swing a weight of two hundred and fifty tons through an arc of more than one hundred feet.

CALVARY CHURCH, PITTSBURGH, on January 2, 1921, first broadcast by radio its Sunday service. Just how many people have since comprised the "unseen congregation" is hard to estimate, but to an appeal for contributions to erect a memorial to the first radio service more than four thousand seven hundred persons replied. The memorial, which is a bronze tablet, shows in relief a map of the territory where the services of Calvary have been heard. It includes all of the United States and a considerable surrounding territory in Canada and Mexico and a wide area of sea.

THOSE WHO have been investigating the numerous fatalities that befell aviators in the United States last year report that it was to "gypsy" pilots, who go about the country picking up business wherever they can find it, that most of the accidents happened. As there are no national laws to license pilots and to certify that their equipment is safe

many a young fellow picks up an old aeroplane for a few hundred dollars and continues to fly it until he comes to grief. In 1922 one hundred and twenty-two "gypsy" pilots met with accidents, whereas among those who were working for established companies there were only twelve.

CANADA

AMERICANS may well extend to the people across the northern frontier their heartiest congratulations on the healthy expansion of their country. There is and can be no jealousy in our hearts, for in the prosperity of the Dominion there is nothing for us but benefit.

It is real prosperity of the sort that in the forties and fifties was making the United States great. The country is filling up with immigrants of the best class, such as were then coming in swarms to the United States. The population is moving west and taking up land. The new Canada already furnishes much of the wheat on which the Old World depends.

Manufacturing too is doing for Canada what it did for us a half century or more ago. The transportation lines of the Dominion are already magnificent and are steadily improving. No other railway project was ever more daring than the building of a line through the wilderness almost at the northern limit of possible human habitation, to the shores of Hudson Bay, to open for a few months of the year the shortest route from the grain-fields of the West to European markets.

Canada is under free institutions—self-governed and well-governed. It has bred a body of public men of ability and high character. Americans may not appreciate the worldly wisdom that leads Canadians to cling to the British connection; but they can appreciate the sentiment behind their willingness to forgo the last rights of complete sovereignty in their pride as a part of the British Empire, for there is now no material benefit for them in the connection. Once the statesmen of the Dominion might have regarded separating from the empire as sacrificing protection that they needed. Now, if any duty remains, it rests on Canada to help England. The child looks naturally to shelter and protection at the hands of a parent; when it is grown up filial affection holds it true to its allegiance.

History can be searched in vain for a parallel to the relations, physical and political, between Canada and the United States. There has never been another such stretch of unguarded boundary between two countries, never two peoples living side by side for so long a period in entire harmony and good feeling. It is all the more remarkable when we consider that the two peoples are almost absolutely alike in everything except that one of them cherishes a sentimental allegiance to the British crown. A stranger alighting from the air in a town in New York or Ontario would need to inquire in which country he was; for the houses, the people and the modes of life are identical.

CHOOSING A COLLEGE

WHY did you come to this college? is the question that was put lately to the students of Tufts. The replies were of course various but probably did not include all the reasons that young men might honestly assign for the important decision. Undoubtedly a certain number of the students in Harvard or Yale or Princeton would, if they told the truth, admit that what may be generalized as social rather than educational motives controlled their choice.

A large number of those who replied to the Tufts questionnaire reported that they chose that college on account of its standing as an educational institution—a good reason, one of the best. Others went there because their fathers or other relatives had been graduated there, or because their school friends were already there. Some admitted that the athletic repute of the college attracted them. The nearness of their homes to the college, an economical reason, decided others.

No doubt those and other motives more or less weighty account for the student bodies of our now crowded colleges and will continue to explain them hereafter. But they are not all good reasons. We can admire the movement that transformed Dartmouth from a little country college to the populous institution of today, for a host of young men

were drawn to Hanover by the personality of a great man, President Tucker. On the other hand, whoever chooses a college because it has a great renown for winning football matches will never confer on his *alma mater* any but muscular honor. No one can blame a young man for wishing to follow his father; and no one can quarrel with those whom necessity compels to choose an institution that, because it is near or inexpensive, is the best that they can afford.

Unless there is some overwhelming reason for a young man to choose a particular college, the only important question for him to answer is: Where can I get the best training for the vocation to which my tastes and talents lead me? It is because so many young fellows who have freedom of choice allow minor considerations to govern their decision that we hear it said that too many men go to college. It is for that reason too that so many employers are contemptuous of college men. Colleges and universities are not much given nowadays to specialization; but there is still room for choice. There are still colleges where a man may acquire something like the education that used to be regarded as the best preparation for a learned profession; and no one who aspires to an engineering career should go to any so-called college, for the best instruction for that career is to be had in the technical schools, and a degree from one of them is an open sesame to a good position.

The only rule that is of any use is: Go where you are most likely to get the kind of education you want.

SIMPLICITY

OF all the varied elements of human life simplicity is perhaps the one that charms us most deeply and permanently.

There is simplicity in thought. We like people to say what they mean, or, if they mean nothing, then to keep still, not wrap up nonentity in cloudy grandiloquence, which wearies ears and minds both.

There is simplicity in art. The elaborate has its place, large developments of phrase and color and ornament, magnificence and munificence. But what pleases us and holds us most and longest is the quiet, simple touch that comes from the heart and goes to it.

There is simplicity in life. Most of us are always seeking complications, wealth, luxury, remote and subtle pleasures, which allure us and elude us and deceive us. But when we are young we are happy with simple things, and when we grow old—and wise—we are likely to turn to simple things once more and to find that they content us.

There is simplicity in character, and it is needless to point out the charm and restfulness of it, the infinite comfort and security.

And of course there are elements of excess that injure simplicity as they injure other things. In the old country phrase "simple" meant "feeble-minded," and we all have a certain prejudice against simplicity in that sense. Also, there is what the French call so aptly *simplesse*, the effort at simplicity, the labored affectation of it, which is one of the most repellent things in the world.

The truth is that highly civilized, analytical, sophisticated spirits cannot easily maintain simplicity. They may worship it, but they can hardly achieve it, or re-achieve it, in its exquisite white innocence and its adorable charm. But with a reasonable effort they can at least keep before them the ideal of eschewing the artificial, the elaborate, the pretentious, and of seeking, so far as possible, directness and lucidity of thought and the plain, substantial, satisfying, permanent interests of life.

GOOD NEWS FROM EUROPE

WE begin to notice a change in the tone of the remarks that American business men make on returning from a European tour. Formerly it was almost always doleful. Europe was in a bad way, an increasingly bad way, and it was hard to see how it was to get out of its troubles. Nowadays the comments are by contrast cheerful. Most European countries seem, if not actually out of the woods, yet headed in the right direction and making observable progress. Mr. Klein, the director of our Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, says that the reports from American consuls and consular agents show a steady recovery in business all over Europe.

Great Britain, though it has been hard hit

by the collapse of its foreign trade and the mounting burden of taxation, is getting back to its feet with admirable determination. There are still more than a million unemployed, but that is two hundred and fifty thousand less than there were a year ago. The pound sterling is back almost at par, and the confidence of the government in the future is shown by the recent funding of the British debt to the United States.

The change in the Italian situation since Mussolini assumed the direction of affairs is remarkable. Energy, enterprise, hopefulness have taken the place of indolence, timidity and despair. It is still an improvement in the national state of mind rather than a gain that can be proved by the statistics of trade; but the mental recovery had to come first; the other will follow, is indeed already following.

Austria, seemingly a hopeless wreck only a few months ago, has been helped to its financial feet by the League of Nations and is beginning to work and trade again. Poland, as we said a few weeks ago, is in good case and confident of the future. In Czechoslovakia and the southern Slav states things are not so promising, but they are far better than they were when the war ceased. The Scandinavian countries are back to normal or near it. So is Holland.

Conditions in France and Germany are complicated by the dispute over the Ruhr. But after all that dispute is a political affair. The ease with which France bears the cost of its military operations and the ability that Germany shows to get along without its industrial right arm show that both countries have an unsuspected reserve of economic strength. Neither can get far on the road to complete recovery until the reparations question is settled, but there is a growing feeling in Europe that a practicable arrangement is not far off. The Germans have almost convinced themselves that they cannot evade payment much longer. When they have made an offer that France can accept and when both countries are set free to work again it will not take long for them to "come back."

Even Russia is better off. The famine is checked, and general business is improved, though production is still far below what it once was.

The recuperative power of mankind is extraordinary. If Europe is not vexed with another war, it will before another generation have arisen be as busy and as prosperous as it was before the war. Unfortunately, the politicians are not so competent in their field as the workers are in theirs; no one dares predict that Europe will remain peaceful long enough to regain its health.

MARQUIS WHEAT

MAN has learned to do some remarkable things with organic life, both animal and vegetable. He must do the work experimentally, for, although he has found out much about the laws that govern heredity, he cannot account for some of the things that happen or fail to happen when living stocks are blended. But still he usually finds a way to get what he wants from Mother Nature. Let us consider, for an example, Marquis wheat.

Northwestern Canada is a land of wide-spread prairies well adapted, so far as soil is concerned, to wheat farming and too far north for any other crop that is nearly so profitable as wheat. But you cannot grow winter wheat in Canada or even in the northern tier of states in our own country. The severe winters are sure to kill any plants that have sprouted and begun to grow in the fall. Canada must have a spring-sown wheat, and, if its people are to take advantage of the fields that spread up to the Peace River Valley within a few degrees of the Arctic Circle, it must be a rapidly growing variety, one that matures within ten weeks of planting.

There are other qualities that a useful variety must have. It must be able to resist drought no less than cold, for western Canada is often both cold and dry; if it is to sell at a good price, it must mill well and bake well; and it must produce a high yield to the acre. There have always been varieties of wheat that have one or two of those five essential qualities, but until recently there was none that combined all of them. That there is one now is owing to the long and patient labor of Dr. William Saunders of Ottawa and his two sons.

Beginning with a Russian wheat that will ripen in a latitude of more than sixty degrees north, they crossed it with the well-known Red Fife wheat, which has superior milling

qualities. When they had got a hybrid variety that would ripen within seventy days and make excellent flour they bred into it a Calcutta wheat that is notable for productiveness and for its power to resist drought. And so year after year they worked away, trying one combination after another, selecting this and rejecting that, finding that one hopeful kind of crossbreeding would not answer and that another, tried on the off-chance, would answer very well, until at last they had produced a stable seed that would produce wheat with every desirable quality for subarctic culture. That wheat they call Marquis.

Incidentally the Saunderses established another variety that they called Prelude. It will ripen in eight weeks and has been raised at Dawson within three degrees of the Arctic Circle. It may perhaps be grown even in the lower Yukon Valley. It does not produce heavily, however, and for that reason is not worth planting where any other variety will grow.

The service of the Saunders family not only to their native country but to mankind as well is worthy of more recognition than it has received. They are men who have done better than those whom Dean Swift praised so highly—the men who make two blades of grass or two ears of corn grow where only one grew before. They have caused whole acres of waving grain to spring up where before none would grow. They have pushed forward the domain of civilized man in the face of cold and drought and given to Canada new homes for its people and new sources of inexhaustible wealth.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

Not long ago a gentleman sent us an order for 169 subscriptions to *The Youth's Companion*—each a present from him to some family in which he is interested. It is a specially notable example of the belief that people in general hold that *The Companion* is as beneficial as it is entertaining.

The Companion has recently bought and will soon print an article entitled

RELATIVITY AND THE AUSTRALIAN ECLIPSE

It describes and explains the extraordinary steps that were taken to test the Einstein theory and tells the results. It is by

PROF. HARLOW SHAPLEY
DIRECTOR OF THE HARVARD
OBSERVATORY

CURRENT EVENTS

A WEEKLY newspaper has been conducting one of those "straw votes" that Americans like so well. As this paragraph is written the vote is not completed, but it has gone far enough to show what the readers of that particular periodical think about the next Presidential candidates. If it were left to them, the race would be between President Harding and Mr. Henry Ford. Those two men run far ahead of the field, and Mr. Ford in turn is ahead of Mr. Harding. Other public men in order of preference are Mr. McAdoo, former Governor Cox, Senator Johnson, Secretary Hughes, Governor Smith of New York, Secretary Hoover, Senator La Follette, General Wood, Senator Borah, Senator Underwood, Mr. John W. Davis, former Governor Lowden, former President Wilson and Senator Ralston. Mr. Ford's popularity in all parts of the country is striking, but the politicians still insist that he cannot receive the nomination of either party. Whether further evidence of his availability will lead them to change their minds before next June we shall see.

WHEREAS in 1916 there were 206 persons who admitted an annual income of at least one million dollars, the latest income-tax returns show only 21 in that exclusive group. It is probable enough that the number has really diminished, but it is still more likely that the purchase of tax-exempt securities has enabled a lot of wealthy Americans to

reduce the amount of property on which they must pay taxes. More than six million persons—6,662,176 to be exact—made returns. Since most of them represent families of four or five, it is safe to say that perhaps a quarter of all the heads of families in the country pay an income tax. The total tax collected in 1921 was \$719,387,106.

LORD LEE of Fareham, who has served Great Britain in many military and political capacities, and who, our readers may remember, was a delegate to the Washington conference in 1921, is a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt's. To perpetuate his memory in England and to keep before the eyes of the boys in his old school—Cheltenham College—the many high qualities of Mr. Roosevelt Lord Lee has founded a scholarship that can be held either at Oxford or at Cambridge, and that will be awarded to the boy who in the head master's opinion excels in manly qualities and general attainments. Every candidate must qualify for his appointment by standing an examination on Roosevelt's life, work and ideals.

ALTHOUGH the Third Republic has been in existence for more than fifty years in France and has come triumphant out of the greatest of wars, the Royalist party is not only not dead but is more alive than ever. The brilliant success of the Fascist movement in Italy has excited the admiration of the Royalists in and out of Parliament. *L'Action Française*, M. Daudet's paper, which is the organ of the party, is noisy in its attacks on the government. A semisecret organization of Royalists is preaching and occasionally practicing direct action against the Socialists; the Royalist members in the Chamber of Deputies, who are numerous, are continually raising disturbances in the Chamber and sneering at the "weakness" of the republic. No one believes that the enemies of the republic are strong enough to overthrow it, but in the existing division of party groups they can often hold the balance of power and can use it to discredit and discourage one premier after another. They are united; the Republicans are usually divided into half a dozen groups.

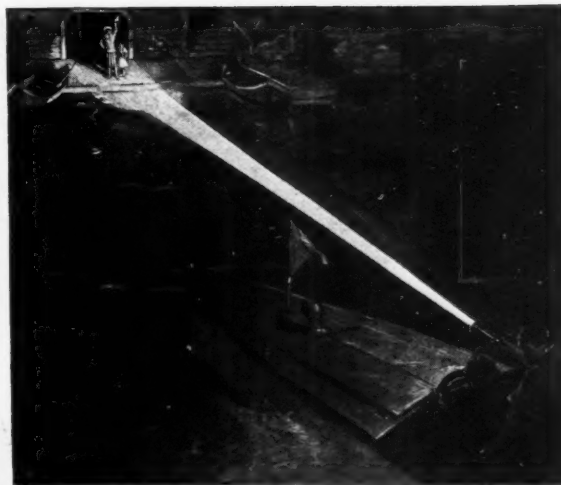
BY signing the bill repealing the law that binds the State of New York to enforce the Volstead Act within its borders Governor Smith has done something that seems likely to have important political consequences. As the governor himself points out, the repeal is not in any sense a repeal of the Volstead Act; that is still the law in New York as much as it is in Mississippi or Wisconsin. But it does make the act more difficult to enforce, for it withdraws the police of the state from the task and puts the burden wholly on the national officers. State officers can still be called upon to assist in enforcement, but they will not take the initiative in pursuing lawbreakers. Governor Smith gave three reasons for approving the repeal of the Mullan-Gage law. First he believes that the people of New York, as shown by their election of the Democratic ticket last fall on a platform demanding modification of the Volstead Act, expressed their dissatisfaction with that act. Next he argued that so long as there was double legislation on the subject a man might be put twice in jeopardy for a single offense. Finally he thinks the Volstead law defines "intoxicating" beverages too narrowly, and he seems to regard the repeal as a legitimate protest against the limit of one half of one per cent of alcohol. The affair puts prohibition back still more conspicuously into politics; there will be a strong effort to make it in some degree an issue in the next Presidential election. The "wets" are already in line for Governor Smith, but political observers generally think that his chances for the Democratic nomination are not so good as they were before he signed the repeal.

THE Federal Council of Churches has made two important utterances on public questions lately. It issued an appeal to the Christian churches to rally to the support of President Harding in proposing our adhesion to the Permanent Court of International Justice, and it promptly disputed the conclusion of the steel manufacturers that a twelve-hour day was still necessary in certain branches of the industry. In the second statement the council acted in concert with the Catholic welfare council and the central conference of Jewish rabbis. The churches find it easy to unite on social questions, even when they cannot unite on matters of theology.

Eveready Focusing
Searchlight—with
the 500ft. Range



EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES



"...FOUND 'EM AT LAST. BUT SAY, OUR EVEREADY WAS AS NECESSARY AS OUR STEERING WHEEL."

In the midst of darkness, there is a world of protection, and help in the Eveready Flashlight—instant light where you need it, right on the spot you want it

Ever blunder along off shore trying to find a landing place? Irritating! Dangerous, too! Why not avoid it, and always see the right place to land by carrying an Eveready Focusing Searchlight with its 500-foot range.

On water or land, it means protection in the dark. Prevents accidents and mistakes by helping avoid them. The only light that defies wind and rain.

In traveling, in motoring, boating, sailing, hunting, fishing, camping, it is worth its cost over and over. The light of a thousand uses; and one use any hour may repay a thousand-fold the small price—\$1.35 to \$4.50.



Eveready Unit Cell Batteries fit and improve all makes of flashlights; they give a brighter light; they last longer. These are features. Eveready dealers wanted to deliver Eveready service with the sale of Eveready Flashlights and Unit Cell Batteries at electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and general stores, groceries and many accessory shops.

What's in a Name?

TIMES have changed since the Bard of Avon put his famous query, "What's in a name?" In Shakespeare's day the most successful merchant was the biggest skinflint. His name meant nothing. You entered his shop with your eyes open and your fingers crossed. You haggled and you bargained. And if you were especially astute, perhaps you retained your eyeteeth.

Modern business ideals and modern advertising have wrought the change. Today, the biggest asset of any successful business is a good name built up through fair dealing, fair policies and a good product.

Advertising creates reputation. Makers of advertised products frequently value the names at millions of dollars. They cannot afford to jeopardize the worth of these names by selling anything but good merchandise of full measure and fair price.

A manufacturer does not dare to advertise wares that will not give service. He has his good name to protect.

Bank on this. *Advertised goods must be as advertised.* That's why it pays you to deal with advertisers and to buy advertised goods.

Advertising is your protection. Read it



SAMMY SQUIRREL GOES TO TOWN

By Elizabeth Jenkins

SAMMY was a glossy, happy little squirrel with a long, handsome tail. He lived with his mother and father in an elm tree that stood at the edge of the woods just outside the town. In one old walnut tree lived his cousins, Tommy and Sally Squirrel. He played contentedly with them every day until a little town squirrel came to visit the neighborhood.

"Dear me!" said the town squirrel. "How stupid it is out here in the country! Now I live in the State House yard with statues of great men and plenty of good food. Everyone who passes gives us nuts or pop corn. We have little houses with roofs on them, and there is always something happening to amuse us."

Now Sammy had always been happy in his country home. It was quiet and peaceful there, and the woods were full of berries and nuts that he could store away in a hollow tree. His bed was lined with leaves and bits of wool, and his friends were happy and cheerful, as he himself was. But the squirrel from the State House grounds had made Sammy feel discontented.

"Your tail is far too handsome to waste out here. How everyone would admire it if you should sit upon the shoulder of George Washington's statue and whisk it so," said the town squirrel, wisely wiggling his ears as he whisked his own tail.

"Ah, you are right," answered Sammy, and he decided that he would go to town.

A few days later when the town squirrel had left in disgust Sammy said good-by to his mother and his father and his cousins Sally and Tommy and started down the wide road to town.

"I just know you will be killed and eaten up by something!" cried Sally mournfully.

"Never fear! I shall become the most famous squirrel in the State House yard," said Sammy, and he skipped down the road.

He went merrily at first, but the road seemed to get longer all the time. By and by he met a pleasant old speckled hen and asked

of her politely, "Mrs. Hen, will you please tell me how far is it to the town?"

"Oh, about a mile and a cackle," said the old lady.

"Thank you!" answered Sammy, but he did not know how far a cackle might be.



DRAWN BY DOROTHY GREGORY

IN AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

The quaint sundial tells the hours.
What does it tell them, pray?
Perhaps of birds and bees and flowers
Upon a summer day.

After a while he met a goose. "Dear Mrs. Goose, how far is it to the town?" he asked.

"Oh, about a mile and a hiss," said the old goose, wagging her head wisely.

So Sammy hurried on. After a time he met a duck.

"Mrs. Duck, how far is it to town?" "Oh, about a mile and a quack," said the old duck amiably. "Just keep right on in a straight path and you'll get there some day."

"But I'm very tired and hungry," wailed

COMMUTING

By Robert Palfrey Utter

*Lots of little trains a-puffing,
Eyes all shining bright,
Bringing lots of fathers home
To lots of children every night.*

Sammy. He was beginning to be sorry that he had left his comfortable home.

The old duck felt sorry for him, so she gave him half of the corn that the farmer had just given to her. "Now run along, or you will not get to town by sundown!" said the duck. So Sammy ran along. After a long time when he was almost tired out he came to the edge of the town, and there he had to run up a telephone pole at once to escape a big dog.

"Dear me, I wish I hadn't come," said Sammy as he continued his journey by jumping from telephone poles to trees.

The town sights and noises frightened him. The automobiles honked, and the wagons shrieked as they rumbled along. It grew dark, and many lights were turned on in the stores.

"Goodness gracious!" said Sammy to a dirty old town pigeon who was just going to bed under a big sign. "How far is it to the State House where the squirrels live?"

"Why, it is just a rickety-coo round the corner. I eat with the squirrels every day."

"Have you ever sat upon the shoulder of George Washington's statue?" asked Sammy.

"I've sat upon his very head," answered the town pigeon.

You may be sure that Sammy ran along joyfully, and pretty soon he came to the State House. The town squirrel met him at the entrance.

"Well, you took my advice after all," said the town squirrel importantly. "Come with me and you shall share my dinner."

A new life began for Sammy. He learned to scramble for nuts when the passers-by threw them and to catch pop corn that the children tossed to him, so that he had all the food he wanted while it was still early in the day; then he would look about him for something to do. But the trees were not half so pleasant as his country woods, and the noise and bustle made him so nervous that he could not enjoy himself. He climbed up and sat on George Washington's shoulder and whisked his tail as he had hoped to do, and a little girl said, "My, what a pretty tail that squirrel has!" But that didn't do him much good. He would rather have heard Sally Squirrel say, "Come on, Sammy, let's look for berries over in the field."

The worst time came when it began to rain. He slept in a box, and his roof leaked, and the street cars kept him awake. He grew thin and felt homesick. Then he decided that he would be unhappy no longer.

"Good-by, I'm going home. I don't like town life," said Sammy.

"What more do you want, you silly fellow?" asked the town squirrel.

"I don't want more; I want less!" Sammy replied.

He scampered off down the street until a dog chased him up a telephone pole. Then he leaped from telephone poles to trees in order to get on.

After a while he met the pigeon, settling himself on his sign for a morning nap. "How far is it to the country?" asked Sammy, just to make sure that he was on the right road.

"Oh, about a rickety-coo and a mile," said the pigeon, and Sammy ran with all his strength.

After a while he met the old duck. "How far is it to the country?" asked Sammy.

"Oh, about a quack and a mile," said the duck.

Soon Sammy came to the old goose. "I am tired. How far is it to the big woods?"

"Oh, a hiss and a mile!" said the goose.

At last Sammy met the old hen. He was

nearly tired out. "How far is it to the woods where my mother and father and my cousins Sally and Tommy live?" he gasped.

"Pretty Sally Squirrel that lives in an old walnut tree?" asked the old hen.

"Yes," cried Sammy happily.

"Why, they live not a cackle down the road," replied the old hen. "I thought you would come back."

Sammy ran down the road just the length of an old hen's cackle until he came to his comfortable home. How his mother hugged him! And his father said, "Dear me, we have been so lonesome without you! I shall be glad to see your handsome tail whisking about once more. Here is an apple for you."

"Are the red apples ripe?" asked Sammy.

"They are," said Sammy's cousins, Sally and Tommy, who had seen him scampering home and had come over to welcome him.

"And how did you like town life?" asked

TWO VARIETIES

By Nancy Byrd Turner

*I must say of cat-tails,
They look just like rat tails—
So straight and unbending,
With spiky-sharp ending;
Not wavy and curly
And twisty and twirly
And lovely and brushy
And plummy and plucky—
Like some I could tell of
And speak very well of.
I'd almost cry if tails
Of real cats were stiff tails!*



DRAWN BY VERA GRISIER McCULLY

TWO LITTLE ELVES AND A BARK CANOE

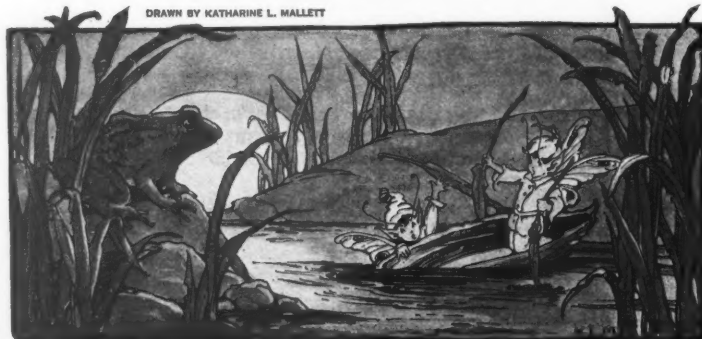
By Helen Buckley Lee

*I
Out on the grass where the dewdrops bright
Sparkled away in the clear moonlight
Two little elves, one in brown, one in green,
Were seen.*

*III
They talked together beneath a birch tree,
Then peeled off some bark. Then 'twas funny
to see
The way the pair worked to make a wee boat
That would float.*

*V
The little canoe began to leak,
And the two little elves gave a startled shriek;
But a frog on the bank, when he heard them shout,
Pulled them out!*

DRAWN BY KATHARINE L. MALLETT



*II
Only the sound of some frogs could be heard.
The cat was asleep, and so was the bird.
I held my breath to see what they would do,
Those two!*

*IV
They carried it down to the lily pond,
Which was only a very few steps beyond.
Then each made an oar from a blade of
grass. Alas,*

Sally. She was afraid that Sammy would want to go back to the State House again.

"There is nothing in all the world so delightful as our woods, with the blue sky and the tall trees," answered Sammy. And he must have believed it, for he never went away again as long as he lived.

A TEST OF COURAGE

By Adele Le Bourgeois Crockett

BOB MARTIN wanted a horse of his own. In spite of his having never been on a horse in his life he secretly felt quite sure that, if some one helped him get on the first time, he could ride without any difficulty. So his father planned to get a horse for him. The Martins had plenty of money, and Bob usually had what he wanted. Because he never had to work for

anything he was becoming lazy, and it worried his father a great deal until he thought of the plan for getting the horse. He determined that Bob should earn it himself or do without it.

One day about a week later while the family were at dinner, Bob, looking out across the little stretch of green lawn to the driveway, saw a man leading a beautiful little polo pony that arched his neck and pricked up his ears and pranced round the curve of the driveway toward the barn. Bob was beside himself with excitement. He ran to the barn as fast as he could go, and there already in his stall was the beautiful horse. Bob was so happy that he could only stammer his thanks and stare at the pony.

That afternoon a heavy storm came up, and for three days it poured rain. Poor Bob sat miserably indoors watching the big drops stream down the windowpane and listening to the sound of the wind in the chimneys of the old house. On the second day he was reading in the Cavalry Journal an article on how to manage a runaway horse when his father entered the room.

"Bob," he said slowly, "there is one condition attached to your owning Hardy."

"What is it?" Bob asked, frightened by the thought that the horse might not be entirely his.

"It is difficult to ride a spirited animal like him. If in your first attempt you show enough nerve and ability to warrant your having him, I will give him to you."

The condition greatly worried Bob. It would not matter so much if he fell off,—people nearly always fell off the first time they rode,—but if he lost his nerve! A little creeping fear already began to rise in his throat. He tried to choke it down. After all he was only thirteen years old, and this was a trying situation.

While the rain was falling and Bob was worrying, the little pony fretted in his stall so that when the sun came out at last Bob and his father found a horse frisky from lack of exercise awaiting them.

"After today you'll have to saddle him yourself," Mr. Martin remarked, looking down at his son with a twinkle in his eye, "that is, of course, if you fulfill the requirements. We shall take him down to the beach where the sand is soft and it won't hurt you to fall off."

Bob couldn't help trembling a little, but he kept repeating to himself, "I'm not afraid; I'm not afraid," and trying to make himself believe that he really wasn't. All the way to the beach Hardy pranced and cavorted, tossing his head and arching his glossy neck, and each moment Bob found it harder to convince himself that he was not afraid. At last Mr. Martin stopped in the soft sand and held Hardy by the bridle so that Bob could mount. Somehow the boy forced himself to scramble upon the back of the horse. He gathered the reins into his hands and they were off. Things began to happen so quick that Bob had no time to collect his wits. Hardy bounded into the air three or four times, tossing his head first to one side, then to the other. In a moment he broke into a run. Bob stuck on gallantly but was quite unable to control the horse. Then suddenly part of the article on runaways flashed into his mind, and he resolved to try to make his horse stumble and fall by pulling his head down and to one side while he was going at full speed. Without hesitating he shut his eyes and pulled with all his might. There was a terrible jerk; he felt himself flying through the air; and then he landed with a heavy thump on the sand. He scrambled up unhurt and ran back to where the horse was getting to his feet. Bob caught the reins and stood awhile thinking. Should he mount or should he walk back to his father and admit himself defeated? Once more he climbed up, a little less awkwardly, and was astounded to discover that now Hardy trotted quietly and easily in complete obedience to his hand upon the reins.

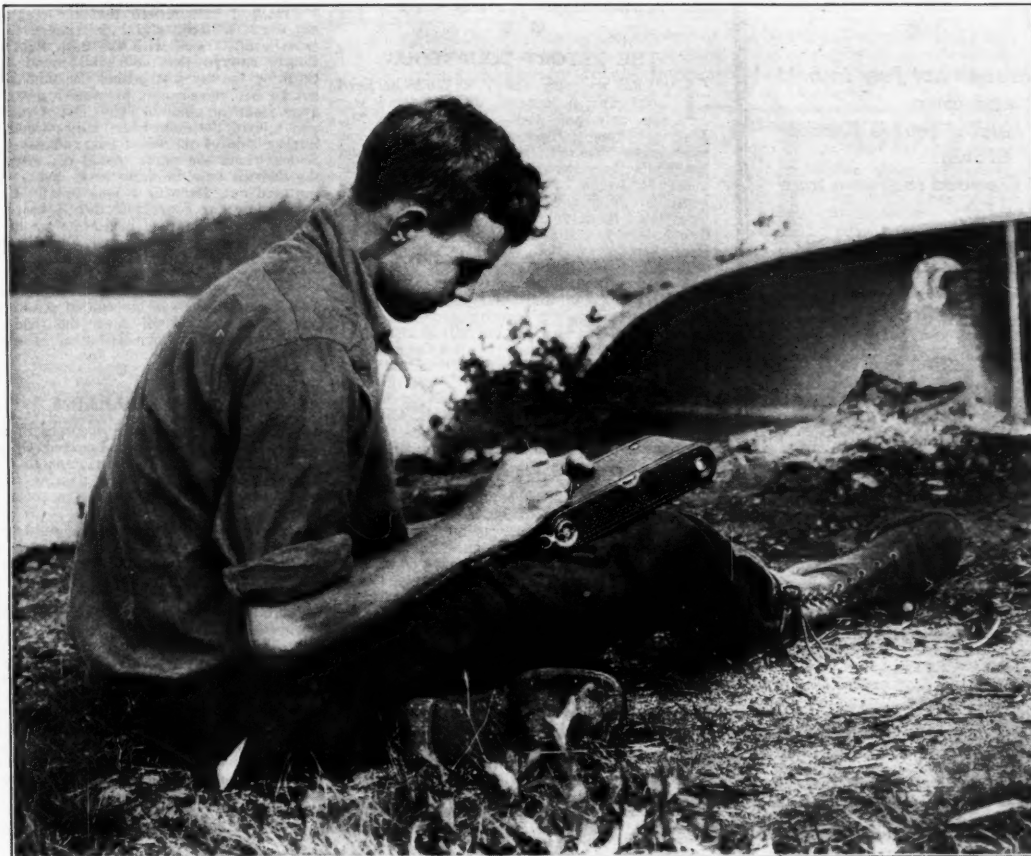
Mr. Martin had watched the whole scene, first with anxiety and then with great pride. Now as Bob slipped off and stood before him he pointed with a smile to Hardy, who was rubbing his velvet nose against the sleeve of the boy's jacket, and said, "Hardy knows his master."

❖ ❖

AWAITING A REPLY

By Daisy D. Stephenson

*I'd like to ask some grown-up wise,
Who never makes mistakes,
To tell me why it's night that falls
And always day that breaks.*



Take a Kodak with you

You'll want pictures of the canoe trip, the hike, of all the fun that summer has in store and it's all easy with a Kodak or Brownie. The rest of the gang will want to see the pictures you make and you'll be proud to show them. Remember the time that Bill found the hornets' nest and the hornets found Bill? Next time have a Kodak along and keep all the story—even to the date and title.

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

Autographic Brownies \$9.00 up

Box type Brownies (non-autographic but capable picture makers) \$2.00 up

At your dealer's

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. *The Kodak City*

A CALENDAR OF THRIFT

Through hot July in field
and town
A helpful soul is Farmer
Brown:
" 'Tis good to give a man
a lift;
To make a friend," says
he, "is thrift."

Arthur Guiderman



THE UNOFFICIAL WITNESS

THE influence for good that the ordinary Christian layman can wield in foreign lands is often enormous. An English army doctor was once stationed somewhere in the Mohammedan East. He knew only the least smattering of Arabic and could hardly issue orders to his black Sudanese servant, who was a Mohammedan. The Mohammedans, by the way, are considered as hopeless subjects for conversion. The doctor, however, was a genuine Christian; he kept his Bible and other religious books always by his camp bed, and he used them daily. His habits of prayer were as regular as any Mohammedan's, and he appeared to have derived from them an imperturbable temper and a sunny disposition.

One day he gave his black servant a copy of the Gospel in his own tongue. That was all, but it was enough. Beside the written Gospel was the living commentary, and the black servant was not slow to compare the two. Eventually he offered himself for Christian baptism.

The story closes for us in a memorable scene. A farewell meeting is going on in a room full of Moslem converts, some Egyptian, some Syrian. It is in honor of the young Sudanese who is about to start for Arabia, there to witness for Christ in the land of Mohammed himself—a triumph of unofficial missionary enterprise!

"IN EVERYTHING —"

THE tired sag in Ted's shoulders was the last straw. Marian had not noticed it before; she had not noticed anything except Rosemary's flushed face. What a nine weeks! The terrible deadly stealthiness of the disease that had stricken that little dancing body to stillness! The endless fight night and day, night and day, against the paralysis! But she had won! The doctors at the hospital had told her that her love and courage had wrought a miracle. When she heard that she had thought she should go singing all the rest of her life. And here a week later she was sobbing! She was so tired, so dead, dead tired! And the house needed cleaning, and there was washing to do, and the endless cooking and the exercises—those blessed exercises through which she and Rosemary were fighting—months and months of it still before her. And now Ted's shoulders were sagging. She buried her head in her arms.

"I must pull up," she said to herself at last. "As if dirt matters! As if anything matters—except that Rosemary isn't going to be a cripple."

She lifted her tired head. A calendar across the room hung crooked, and she got up to straighten it. As she did so a date caught her attention; it was the day before Rosemary was taken sick, and below it in clear letters was the text, "In everything give thanks."

In everything! Even in exhaustion. She had given thanks passionately the day of the great news, but all the days before had been one cry for Rosemary. "St. Paul would think I have a good deal to make up," she said with a faint smile.

Why not begin now? It almost seemed as if some one had spoken the words. "Why, I can!" she stammered.

She went out on the porch. Rosemary was there, sleeping—that blessed healing sleep! Marian drew her chair near and began to ponder. Rosemary first and then Ted. Oh, God knew how grateful she was for them. And for a good doctor and for everything within reach; and for a home, even if it was a dusty one, and that Ted had worked. Suppose with all the bills there was no work. And she was grateful too for Rosemary's splendid fighting spirit; and—she spied a blue mist in a garden; the larkspur was in bloom! Oh, for beauty everywhere and the dearness of people; strangers even had been so kind! And little things that she loved about the house, the light in the west windows afternoons—

It was like opening a door and letting the morning in. Her depression lifted like a fog. She

had tired muscles, yes, but not a tired heart; instead consciousness of light, of life and of peace. She spoke in wonder: "Why, I never realized before; it's letting in God—that's why Paul tells us to do it!"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

THERE was only one T. R. While he lived Americans in general thought there was also only one Teddy. But recently Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, for many years our minister to Denmark, has told of an amusing, but distinctly embarrassing, experience that he underwent at his own legation table in Copenhagen in which, for that occasion only, there were two. It never should have happened of course, but since it did happen we can only rejoice that the lady who was "one hundred per cent American" did not come off second best.

A rather grand dinner party was in progress, and all was going well socially and diplomatically until suddenly a beautiful American woman who had married an exalted British aristocrat and had become—as often happens in such cases—more Tory than the Tories native to Britain made quite casually a remark that caused a shock and a gasp. It was during the administration of President Roosevelt. She propelled her little bombshell across the table to the representative of her former country.

"I'm afraid," she observed airily, "if your old Ted doesn't pay more attention to the English point of view, he'll get into trouble."

"Before I had time to find a way of reminding the speaker that she was an English subject," related Mr. Egan, "a guest in the legation of the United States, a young American woman at the end of the table, piped up: 'President Roosevelt shows much more wisdom than your old Ted is showing!'"

"There was a deadly pause. 'Do you mean King Edward of England?' asked the American-born peeress in a tone of horror.

"Do you mean the President of the United States?" asked the young American woman.

"It was a gala dinner; and my wife made a motion for the orchestra to begin the Star-Spangled Banner, during which as we stood up a tactless guest inquired whether King Edward's nickname was really 'Ted.'"

It was not; but with all due respect for the dignity and wisdom of Edward the Peacemaker it is satisfactory to know that somebody was venturesome enough to "Teddy" him for once, when a second Ted was needed to redress the diplomatic balance.

THE LITTLE VISITOR

MANY strange things happen when you are homesteading in the desert, writes a correspondent, but the strangest thing that ever happened to me was the experience that

father and I once had with a skunk. We were living at the time in a two-room shack with a sleeping porch, which I occupied; father slept out in front. Early one morning a strange sound waked me. Thinking sleepily that the cat was still in the room, I reached under the bed to get him. As he did not answer my call, I turned on the flash light, and there not a foot from my hand was a cat, to be sure—not Tommy Grey, our pet, but a polecat gazing at me with his beady eyes! Now I did not like to turn an innocent skunk out in the cold; so I left him in his corner and quietly, cautiously, inch by inch, retreated to my bed.

When rising time came the "kitty" was not to be seen. I scrutinized each garment carefully as I put it on; I moved quietly about until I had ascertained that he was not in the sleeping porch. Then slowly and cautiously I entered the kitchen, and there under the table I found him, with his plumed tail waving and his bright eyes shining.

I had been taught as a child to be kind to dumb animals; so I permitted the little visitor to occupy the kitchen undisturbed; I even left the doors wide open so that he might go out if he so desired. As father was fond of animals, I called him: "O father, come and look at this strange cat that came last night!" Father gave one look and went out quicker than he came in.

At last I decided that I must get breakfast; so I took a feather duster and gently, oh, so gently, began to stroke the "pussy" on the back. As he moved I kindly urged him on with the merest suggestion of guidance from the duster. The doorway between the kitchen and the living room was just an opening with no door, and as it was nearer than the outside door the little fellow suddenly dodged into the living room. We hastily decided that we would not use the living room that morning and moved the wood box across the opening and threw wide the outside door. There "kitty" passed the whole of the day sleeping under the bookcase.

As dusk came on we decided that we must do something to get rid of him—but what? We had

read that, if you pick a skunk up by his tail, he has no chance to use his peculiar method of defense. I suggested to father that he try that way, but he refused emphatically.

Finally I remembered that the creature had not liked the light, and I determined to try an experiment. Armed with the flash light, I cautiously entered the room and found that by throwing the ray just behind the animal I could govern his movements; he would always move away from the circle of light. Thus I encouraged him toward the door while father stood on the kitchen side of the wood box and gave advice. Several times the skunk placed his forepaws on the doorsill only to draw back, but at last he ventured out. Drawing a long breath, I slipped up to close the door; just then I heard a yell from father and turned in time to see him clear the wood box with one jump. We had left the kitchen door open, and "kitty" had entered behind father's back!

But this time we knew how to proceed, and we successfully herded him out of the house and watched him stroll off down the road, happy and independent and monarch of all he surveyed!

A FALSE ALARM

A CURIOUS thing once occurred in a small village near Sheffield, England. One of the villagers, says a contributor to Country Life, thought he saw smoke pouring from the spire of the parish church and at once raised an alarm.

The village fire brigade turned out, and in a few minutes the brigade from a neighboring town came rushing to the scene. By that time many other people agreed with the villager that they too saw smoke; but oddly enough no one could find any trace of fire. As a precaution, however, the firemen drenched the spire with water. Then they went home.

The next morning everything was quiet, but at evening the strange clouds again began to ascend from the spire, and there was talk of summoning the fire brigades for the second time. Then the vicar had a happy thought; he went home and got his field glass. Through them he saw, not smoke, but bees! A large swarm had settled at the top of the spire, and from a distance they looked exactly like clouds of smoke eddying in the currents of the upper air.

THE ORNAMENTAL SOUTH AFRICAN

DO the ethnologists, we wonder, think that there is any connection in race or culture between the American Indians and the Zulus? When we consider the extraordinary head-dresses of the Zulus, some of which are shown in the accompanying cut, we are at once reminded of some of the war bonnets and medicine horns with which our prairie Indians used to decorate themselves, though these particular ornaments are worn by men who follow the extremely prosaic and peaceful occupation of dragging rickshaws through the streets of Durban, in Natal. They are childishly fond of bright colors. The horns, the feathers, the curious ball-like pendants below the horns and the clothing of the body are all dyed or painted in glowing color. It would add much to the brilliancy of our street scenes if American taxicab drivers should adopt this costume; but, alas, there is very little chance of it! We are condemned to a drab civilization.



All dressed up ready for a day's work

MR. PEASLEE SUFFERS BY BEING NEIGHBORLY

CALEB PEASLEE, looking both provoked and amused, broke off a spirited conversation with his wife and greeted Deacon Hyne, who was coming up the smoothly-raked gravel walk. The deacon said he hoped that his coming had not "bothered them in any privacy."

"Twa'n't privacy at all," Caleb hastened to reassure him. "I was jest settin' out my views about Uncle Sam Webb, and they don't hitch with my wife's notions. It ain't unusual, so you needn't feel you've spiled any discussion; she'll fetch it up again."

Mrs. Peaslee tossed her head. The deacon, wondering if anything further were coming, waited in silence.

"To make it plain to you," Caleb explained, "I'll say that since Uncle Sam's hoss died a spell back he's worked on my wife's feelin's considerable whenever he's had a little job of tamin' that pressed him to git done; and she's passed it on to me to help him out. For instance, he needed to git his apples to the cider mill last fall, and he bagged 'em up and piled 'em out by the side of the road, and whenever I'd be haulin' a load of my apples up there I'd leave on five or six bags of his and take 'em along at the same time."

"Course toppin' out my load that way with his

apples I'd have to underload a little with my own when I started, but my wife made such a pitiful case of Uncle Sammy's not bein' able to do it himself I strained a pint and made three-four more trips than I'd had to otherwise.

"And it was the same way with stuff from the store. He'd come over here and wonder to her how in the world he was goin' to git a sack of grain up to feed his hens with; and when I'd be hooked up to go down to the store on an errand she'd come out with a little list of things Uncle Sammy had fetched over,—a sack of corn or a bag of middlin' or somethin' like that,—and she'd want I should fetch 'em back along when I come from the store."

"Things like that hender a man too," remarked the deacon, "when he's tryin' to do his own errands and git back to his work. I know how 'tis."

"They do so!" agreed Caleb fervently. "But I want to be as neighborly as I know how, so I did 'em and felt kind of a warm liftin' up within myself for bein' sech a thoughtful neighbor, even if I did need to be spurred on a mite by my wife."

"Without tryin' to tell you all the things he's been clever 'nough to make my wife b'lieve was needful for his comfort or welfare, I'll tell you about the last thing, the one we was talkin' over when you come upalong."

"For a week mebbe he's been hintin' out to her that he'd value a chance to git up Brimmer Hill way if so be I had any errand up there. 'Not ownin' a hoss nowadays,' he says, 'kind of henders me when I have to git round same's other folks; if Kellup wa'n't as kind's he is, I d'know how I'd make out.'"

"So this mornin' when I found I'd got an hour I could call my own I made up my mind I'd go to Asa Brimmer's and see if I could make a dicker with him for that Dutch belted cow he's got to sell; and, seein' Asa lives right on the peak of Brimmer Hill, I stopped at Uncle Sammy's and told him where I was goin' and asked him if he wanted to go along."

"He listened to me all through, not sayin' a word, and then he went back to the woodpile where he'd left his coat hangin' on the sawhorse and come back and climb into the wagon, and we drove off. On the way up I spoke of how bad I needed the cow and about Asa's bein' a kind of ticklish man to trade with and needin' to be handled about so."

"Well," said Caleb, closing his fist and bringing it down upon his knee, "in the course of time we clim the hill, and I drove into Asa's dooryard; he was down by the barn, so we got out and walked down there. That is, I stopped to hitch the hoss to the clothes post, and Uncle Sammy hobbled down ahead of me."

"I'd jest finished knottin' the halter and was turnin' to go along down when all at once a row broke out 'twixt them two, Asa and Uncle Sammy. About all I could make out up where I was was something about a shote that Uncle Sammy wanted pay for, and Asa was orderin' him off'n the place, and Uncle Sammy wouldn't go."

"Seems that ten year or so ago Asa was drivin' by Uncle Sammy's place with a load of hay, and he run over a shote in the road,—where it had no business to be anyway,—and Uncle Sammy had wanted pay for it ever since, and Asa wouldn't pay, naturally, the pig havin' no more right to be in the road than Asa'd have had to drove the load of hay into Uncle Sammy's kitchen!"

"Naow," Uncle Sammy was sayin', 'I want you should settle this matter up today. Kellup's took time to fetch me way up here to c'lect the bill, and I want it paid, and if you don't—'

"By that time I'd got my wits, so I broke in on what he was sayin' and told Asa the facts—that I'd come up to buy his cow and had jest fetched Uncle Sammy along on 'count of my wife's wantin' me to. But by then Asa was so mad he wouldn't listen to anything. He'd been orderin' Uncle Sammy off up to then, but now he swung on me, and ordered me off with him."

"More'n that," he hollered when we drove out of the yard,—for I realized quick 'nough I wa'n't goin' to buy no cow of him then,—"when you git off'n my land you stay off, both of you! I don't make any difference betwixt any man that'll dun me for a bill ten years old that I never owed and a man that'll take his team and fetch him where he can dun me. I don't want another word with either of you ever!" he hollered and put into the house and shut the door."

"And I've been settin' here," finished Mr. Peaslee, "tryin' to make her understand that when Uncle Sammy uses me to further his private brawls—and me a justice of the peace too!—it's time for me to look to my own character; I d'know what Asa can do to spread rumors, but I'll bet he'll do what he can! And now I'll never git that cow neither," Caleb said regretfully.

WHEN THE BIG SLIDE RAN

A CRASH and a roar sounded from up the mountain side. The late Enos A. Mills, the naturalist, snug in his cabin, knew what had happened; the snowslide that he had been expecting was on its way at last. In his recent book *Waiting in the Wilderness* he gives this graphic description of the events that swiftly followed:

I made a dash for the top of the woodpile. On the way an enormous rock, frozen to a mass of ice, ripped through the air and smashed off a big spruce just beyond the cabin. Then came a rush of wind that knocked me off the woodpile. The slide was upon me! Chunks of snow fell about, and a wildly whirling cloud of snow dust hid everything. I clapped a handkerchief over my nose to avoid smothering. There were rushing,

rumbling, roaring and trembling, then crash, and in the snow-filled air I saw the flying logs of the cabin. A gust of wind cleared the air as the tail of the slide went by. Full speed I ran after it; the way was cleared of snow, but I was distanced in a flash.

The ground beneath the slide had been swept bare; grass, trash, loose rocks and snow were carried away. The four-foot covering of snow in the woods on the side lines was splashed with trash and earthy black snow. Many trees on the edges of the slide were barked, and many were leaning forward. Most of the limbs were torn off from thirty to fifty feet above the ground; so I suppose the slide had been about thirty feet deep. Its jamming in places had caused it to deepen or to throw up ice, rocks or tree trunks that had smashed objects far above the top of the rushing slide.

The thing must have been several hundred feet long. The wreckage at the bottom contained enough firewood to supply a village for a year, and in the midst of it was the cabin—also my winter supplies and my snowshoes. But I had seen a big slide run!

THE EXECUTIONER'S POINT OF VIEW

BEING an executioner is not necessarily a nerve-racking business. If we can take the word of the old Chinaman whom Mr. James Marsh Reid mentions in his book *Charm of the Middle Kingdom*, the work meant to him simply food for himself and his family. Doubtless other executioners feel the same way.

There was nothing extraordinary about the face of the man, says Mr. Reid, except perhaps that it was not coarse. The feeble old fellow must have been a big man in his day, for even bent over as he was he loomed large in the doorway. After we had chatted in a commonplace manner I asked him if he knew how many souls he had freed.

"I wan ta liao, chin wang lo," he replied without an instant's hesitation. A free translation of what he said was, "I lopped off ten thousand; then I lost count."

In the circumstances I thought his composure remarkable. Perhaps he was only feigning; so I put more questions. "After an especially busy day could you sleep well?" I asked.

"The busier the day the better I slept," he replied soberly.

"But weren't you ever bothered by your business? Didn't you sometimes feel like a common murderer?"

The old executioner raised his eyes. "I never used the knife," he replied. "I was offered big pay to do the seven cuts, but I washed my hands of torture. No, I would starve before I would torture. Only a brute will torture."

"Then the mere business of lopping off heads meant nothing to you?"

"Ah, the business; that meant a great deal. It meant food for me and my family. But, you see, I did not allow the personal relation to enter into it; I never had dealings with friends. As for the others, I saw nothing except a little band of flesh. I swung and passed on. For such things I have no memory."

So there was a code of honor among executioners! They would not descend to torture, though they had no compunctions at killing. And, mind you, the old executioner never once used the word "kill" or "cut." When he said, "I wan ta liao," he meant that he merely hit ten thousand. The rest of it was an affair of natural mechanics; it has long been known to men of science that a man cannot exist separate from his head.

THE SPIDER AS A FISHERMAN

ASTONISHING as it seems, spiders frequently catch and eat small fishes. There is no doubt about it; much evidence has been gathered in support of the assertion. We take two stories from the *Bibliography of Fishes*, which are quoted along with several others in *Natural History*. The first, says Mr. E. W. Guder, is from the pen of Prof. Edward T. Spring of Eagleswood, New Jersey, and dates back to 1859. Here it is:

"I was over on the South Amboy (New Jersey) shore with a friend, walking in a swampy wood where there was a ditch some three feet wide, when we discovered in the middle of it a large black spider making queer motions. He had caught a fish and was biting it, just on the forward side of the dorsal fin; the fish was swimming round and round slowly and twisting its body as if in pain. The head of its black enemy was sometimes pulled almost under water, but the fish did not seem to have enough strength to pull it all the way under. At last the fish swam under a floating leaf near the shore and tried to scrape off the spider, but its efforts were in vain. Suddenly the long black legs came up out of the water and, reaching out behind, fastened upon the irregularities of the side of the ditch. The spider then commenced tugging to get his prize up the bank. The fish was much exhausted and hardly made any movement. The spider faced toward the tail and by stepping backward pulled his victim up at an angle of forty-five degrees. The spider was three quarters of an inch long and weighed fourteen grains; the fish was three and one quarter inches long and weighed sixty-six grains."

The second story is told by Mr. T. M. Peters, who lived in Alabama. It was communicated to

the Smithsonian Institution, which forwarded it to the American Naturalist, in which it was published in 1876. Mr. Peters says:

"Just before the late war I was in Lawrence County, Alabama, near the town of Courtland, where I saw a school of minnows playing in the sunshine near the edge of a pool. All at once a spider as large as the end of my finger dropped from a tree among them and seized one of them near the head—the ash was about three inches long. As soon as it was seized it swam round swiftly in the water and frequently dived to the bottom, yet the spider held onto it. Finally it came to the top, turned upon its back and died. Then the spider moved off with it to the shore."

WHAT PASCAL COULDN'T DO

PASCAL could do anything! He had said as much, and Mr. Ralph Stock did not doubt it when he engaged the big Paumotan native to dive for pearl shell in the Marquesas Islands. He could cook, says Mr. Stock in the *Cruise of the Dream Ship*, and of course he could dive. He knew every island of the Marquesas like the palm of his hand. He could remain under water three minutes, could discourse entertainingly in pidgin English, French, German, Marquesan and Paumotan, and he could obtain a ship's provisions without the annoyance of paying for them.

"But whom do we owe for all this?" I asked him, eyeing the food and stuff that he had brought with him—green bananas, live chickens, a rabbit, firewood and a stove made of a kerosene tin.

Pascal smiled and waved his hand. "Rabbit no money," he replied; "chickens, bananas, all no money. Me get um."

Dawn revealed Tahuata close abeam—waterfalls pouring down three thousand feet to the sea, deep bays with coral beaches at the heads of them. But the beauties of nature were not for us; we were after shell. We took the dinghy and explored the floor of the ocean through water glasses. This was the place, so Pascal had informed us,—and sure enough there was shell! What of a few samples?

Pascal grinned and shook his head. "Shark," he muttered apologetically, which meant that he refused to dive.

He pointed out that in the Paumotus it was different. In the Paumotus there was always a reef-surrounded lagoon that few sharks entered. In the Paumotus—

In vain we pointed out that we happened to be in the Marquesas, that we had hired him to dive in the Marquesas, that we were really very angry—in the Marquesas.

He grinned; he could not dive—in the Marquesas.

In less than half an hour and to Pascal's utter amazement we had put him and his belongings ashore, paid him his wages and were under way for Tahiti.

A QUEER CROSSING

CROSSING a river with a pack train in Mongolia is a thing to remember. Mr. A. S. Kent in his book *Old Tartar Trails* describes how he once crossed the Kobdo River: There were two dugouts into which we loaded our baggage, and when all was ready we first chased the ponies into the water. Then, tying a couple of ropes to the heads of the camels, we handed the ends to a native in the stern of one of the boats. Two ponies supplied the power; a Mongol, leaning over the bow of each boat, grasped a pony's tail in his right hand while he manipulated the reins with his left. In that manner we crossed the river.

When we got into shallow water near the opposite bank and the camels that we were towing astern were able to touch ground with their feet they floundered under the dugout and all but succeeded in upsetting us. It was several hours before we caught the ponies, which had broken loose, and were ready to start again.

A SERIOUS SITUATION

"DID you know," asked Mr. Nutting of his neighbor as they sat discussing the affairs of the world on the neighbor's piazza, "did you know that there are seventy-five thousand people in Massachusetts, all native-born Americans, who can neither speak nor write the English language?"

"No!" replied his friend. "That seems impossible. Are you sure of your figures?"

"Perfectly sure."

"And they're all American born, you say?"

"Yes, sir, every one of them native born—and every one of them under two years of age."

POOR PUSS!

AFTER a particularly trying day an English barrister came home with his nerves on edge and at once sought refuge in his own study, well away from the noises of the household. He sat down by the fire and was gradually feeling calmer, when the cat, which had been sitting there too, got up slowly and walked across the room.

The barrister started, then turned on her and said indignantly:

"Now, what are you stamping round here for?"

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TREATMENT OF DIABETES

DIABETES, or *diabetes mellitus*, to give it its full name, is a disorder of the nutritive apparatus, in consequence of which there is an excessive production of sugar, which circulates in the blood and is excreted through the kidneys. That is the most evident symptom of the disease. Other symptoms are great thirst, a sweetish odor of the breath, loss of flesh and strength, indigestion and often an eruption of carbuncles or a crop of boils.

The underlying cause of diabetes is unknown; probably the disease depends upon a variety of causes such as carbonic-acid-gas poisoning, meningitis, brain tumor, severe nervous shock, an injury to the head, affection of the adrenal bodies and, most common of all, disease of the pancreas, an organ that is largely concerned with preventing excessive formation of sugar in the liver and its consequent circulation in the blood.

The disease may occur at any age and is usually more severe and more likely to be fatal the younger the patient is. The treatment was formerly dietary and still is to a large extent. Of course the cause is to be removed if it is known, but that is not ordinarily possible; usually the physician's efforts must be directed to restricting the intake of sugar-forming material, which, contrary to the former belief, is more often animal food than it is starch. The total amount of food is restricted, or at least overeating is forbidden, and meat may be taken only in limited amount. Occasionally an absolute fast for one or two days is advisable; the rest of the time the patient's diet should be almost wholly milk and vegetables. Tea and coffee may be taken in moderation, and cheese is permissible—indeed it is advisable; but it is well to be moderate in the use of butter and fats, for they tend to lower the alkalinity of the body tissues, and that is one of the great dangers of diabetes.

Good results sometimes follow what is called protein therapy; that is, the injection beneath the skin of albumin of milk or albumin derived from certain seeds. Recently attempts have been made with considerable success to restrict the formation of sugar in the body by directly stimulating the internal secretion of the pancreas. That is done by using an extract of the internal secretory cells of the pancreas of sheep. The preparation, called insulin, is injected either beneath the skin or directly into a vein. It may cause serious symptoms unless great care and skill are used in administering it. No one should think of taking it without the advice and assistance of a physician.

KEEPING IT SHINING

"HELLO, puss! What's up? Somebody rub your fur the wrong way?"

Sally whirled; her eyes were blazing. But in spite of herself her voice trembled as she replied, "It's—the class. They've gone and made Beulah Price president. Beulah Price! Why, Dick, she's never done anything special at all! Of course she's a nice girl and popular and all that, but she never did anything like raising money for the library fund. No class ever gave so much as we did. That isn't prejudice; it's fact. Everybody seemed to think so much of it last year, but now—" Sally gulped back a treacherous sob.

"And my little sister was responsible for the library gift. That was a good piece of work, Sally. Was it a bid for the presidency?"

"Of course not," Sally retorted indignantly. "I'd have done it anyway. Only you like to have people appreciative. And last year they were all talking about me for president, and then this year they all turn round and vote for Beulah."

"I see. But that was last year. What have you done this year to keep up your reputation?"

"I—why—" Sally was plainly startled. "Why, there wasn't anything special to do."

"No more library funds?"

"Oh, of course there was something; there is every year. But when I wouldn't take it nobody else would."

"Why wouldn't you take it?"

"Because I didn't see why I should be the one to do all the work. I'd done it last year; it was some one else's turn to take hold."

"How about Beulah? What did she do?"

"I told you Beulah never did anything special.

She helps in everything, but she never really takes the lead in anything, you know."

Dick grabbed Sally's shoulders and backed her into a corner. "Now then, Sally, I'm going to give it to you straight. Are you going to stand up to it like a man?"

Sally nodded; her eyes were not blazing now; they looked almost frightened.

"This is the way I understand it," continued Dick. "My little sister did a splendid piece of work last year. She worked like a dog over it, and she had a right to feel that she had done something worth while. She deserved the reputation it gave her. But—it's coming now, Sally—she has been slumping back on that reputation ever since! 'Tisn't only girls, Sally; fellows make the same mistake. They don't realize that reputations have to be kept polished to be of any value. Fellows who go in for athletics keep trying to better their own records. So do teams and businesses. A rusty reputation isn't much better than a tarnished one. See?"

Sally drew a long breath. "I—see," she said.

THE FISHING BEAR CUBS

THE two bear cubs that the old squaw befriended proved to be apt pupils. They learned to fish by watching their foster mother. In fact—so Mr. Arthur Heming tells us in the *World's Work*—they soon became enthusiastic over the sport.

Years ago near Fort Pelly on the Assiniboine River, says Mr. Heming, an old Indian killed a she-bear that was followed by two cubs. Though he skinned and cut up the carcass of the mother, he did not touch the whimpering youngsters, and on going to camp he sent his wife out with a horse to bring in the meat.

When the woman arrived at the spot she found the two cubs cuddled up against the dressed meat of their mother, crying piteously. Their affectionate behavior so touched the motherly heart of the old Indian woman that after loading the meat aboard the travois—a framework of poles stretched out behind the horse—she picked up the cubs and, wrapping them in a blanket to keep them from falling off the travois, bestrode her horse and brought them into camp.

For some time she kept them tethered beside her lodge, where she took good care of them; but when they grew larger and seemed well behaved she released them and allowed them to run and play with the dogs round camp.

In the fall it was her habit to take a hand net and go down to the river to fish. For several days the cubs watched her with interest, and then one day they decided to help. Wading in on their hind legs until the water covered their little round stomachs, they would stand perfectly still; then as a fish swam near they would make a violent lunge for it and, striking lightninglike blows with their paws, would land it upon the bank. Over and over they repeated the manoeuvre with evident excitement and pleasure.

At last every time the old woman picked up her net to go fishing the two cubs went along and helped her with her work. So fond of the sport did they become that presently they didn't even wait for her to accompany them, but scurried down to the river by themselves and would often have enough fish for the day caught and ready for her before she appeared.

THE LONG-SUFFERING EYES

WHAT strange liberties, says the Boston Transcript, do our story-writers take with their characters' eyes! Here are a few:

"Her eyes roamed carelessly round the room."
"With her eyes she riveted him to the spot."
"He tore his eyes from her face, and they fell on the letter at her feet."

"He drank her in with drowning eyes."
"Their eyes met for a long, breathless moment and swam together."

"Marjorie would often take her eyes from the deck and cast them far out to sea."

"He tore his eyes away from hers, causing intense pain to both." We should think it would.

HANDING HIMSELF A BOUQUET

IT was queer reasoning that induced Mr. Flower to change his name. He was a Portuguese, —so Mr. Feri Felix Weiss, immigration inspector, tells us in his book *The Sieve*,—and, appearing before the board of special inquiry, he gave his name willingly enough.

"What, Mr. Flower, was your name before you came to America?" inquired one of the board.

"Oh, me change him to make easy for American people. In San Miguel they calls me Farina. You know Farina, that's flour—that's me."

BROUGHT UP OFTEN IF NOT WELL

THERE was recently brought before a police judge in Atlanta, says the *Argonaut*, a culprit whom the magistrate asked:

"Where were you born?"

"Born in Memphis, Yo' Honah."

"And were you brought up there?"

"Yes, sah," replied the prisoner, "ve' often."



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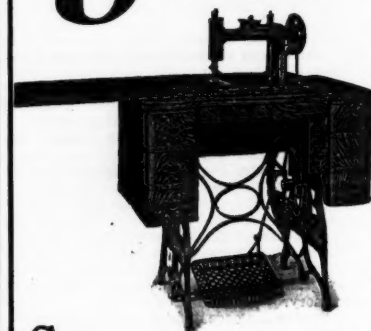
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"I'm terribly sorry to have kept you waiting, Jane," Mrs. Jollyco is saying, "but Elektra is ill and I've been washing the luncheon dishes."

"I've just been through the same experience for a week," replies Mrs. Latham. "And just look at my hands! Did you ever see anything so red and rough?"

"Why, Jane, dear, how awful! I never have to worry about my hands—see how smooth they are! Of course, we always use Ivory Soap for dishes. It seems to prevent any of that roughness or redness."

"Well, of all things! I never thought of that!"

To assure protection to all things that need summer cleaning

Women who take good care of their sensitive skin know that Ivory Soap is a faithful protector against the glare of summer suns.

The purity that makes Ivory thus beneficial for tender skin also renders it kind to delicate garments and to all those hangings and household furnishings which so readily collect the dust that swirls through summer's open windows.

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For the washing of all such things—silks, sheer cotton voiles and dimities, delicate-hued blouses and skirts, summer chintzes, table-linens and bedspreads—a special laundry size of Ivory is made.

This fine, big cake of Ivory is exactly the same soap as the Ivory you use on your face—pure, mild, gentle, white.

Indeed, it is as fine a soap as skill

can make and money can buy, yet it is economical enough for general household use!

Harsh soap is destructive to fine fabrics and tender hands

Harsh soap is destructive to linens and cretonnes and silks. Harsh soap shrinks and mats delicate woollen fabrics. Harsh soap soon ruins varnished surfaces and linoleums. And when you use harsh soap for washing dishes, you know only too well what happens to the tender skin of your hands.

So it is only natural that, in seeking a means of protection both for these precious possessions and for your hands, you should turn with confidence, like so many millions of other women, to Ivory Soap.

May we suggest, therefore, that when you buy the smaller size of Ivory for your toilet and bath, you also buy, for both protection and economy in your general cleaning, several cakes of the large size, also?

We have published a booklet called "Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap." We shall be glad to send you a copy free. A post-card will bring it.

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"Mr. Jollyco, excuse me, sir, but I understand you have specified Ivory Soap for washing the office linoleums. Don't you think that's pretty expensive?"

"I've done that, Jimpson, because the linoleum manufacturers wrote me last week that strong soaps rot the fibre base and soon ruin the linoleum itself. They have tested every soap on the market and found that Ivory is one of the very few soaps they are willing to recommend. So I guess we'll save money in the end."

"Well, that's certainly news to me, sir. I supposed any soap was good enough for linoleums."

No, Mr. Jollyco is right. Linoleums are very sensitive to soap. Ivory is the only generally known soap that appears on the approved list. We'll be glad to show you the evidence.